







THE SALON

A COLLECTION

OF THE

*CHOICEST PAINTINGS RECENTLY EXECUTED BY
DISTINGUISHED EUROPEAN ARTISTS*

ILLUSTRATED WITH FORTY PHOTOGRAVURES, PREPARED ESPECIALLY
FOR THIS WORK BY MESSRS. GOUPIL & CO., OF PARIS

TOGETHER WITH

NUMEROUS ORIGINAL DESIGNS BY THE MOST EMINENT MODERN
PAINTERS, REPRODUCED IN FAC-SIMILE

EDITED BY

PROF. CHARLES CARROLL

OF THE NEW YORK UNIVERSITY

*ASSISTED BY RENÉ DELORME, ARMAND SILVESTRE, GUSTAVE
GOETSCHY, AND OTHER FOREIGN EXPERTS.*

NEW YORK
SAMUEL L. HALL
757 BROADWAY
1881

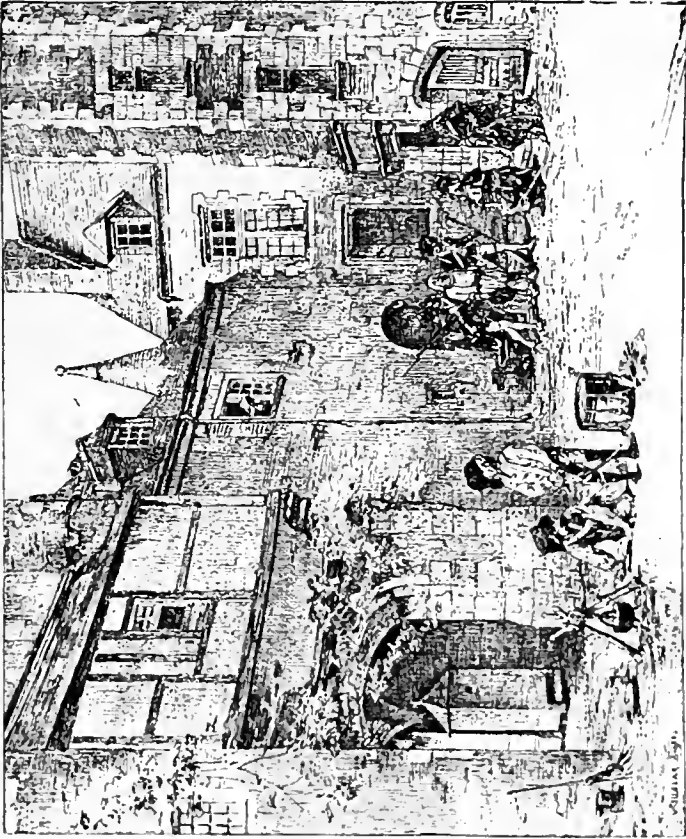


Peint par Ballouin

Photographie Goupil & Co

THE INTERRUPTED SITTING

AMUEL I. HALL.
1897



JUGLAR (V. II.)—*The Spy*.



JAZET (P. 1.)—*Departure of the Squadron.*

M. Girardet finds in the history of Spanish warfare a subject for an important work hung in one of the rooms of the foreign section. It represents an episode of the siege of Saragossa, and is directly taken from François Coppée's poem, "The Benediction."

After the entry of the French, a party of monks and citizens have gathered on the church steps, resolved to sell their lives dearly. Some of them have barricaded and garrisoned the buildings, while others await the enemy at the door. The French rush on to the attack, and one of them has fallen, brained with a crucifix by a monk likewise stretched on the flag-stones by the shots of the enemy. Another monk, armed with another crucifix, swings it like a mace, for a blow at the first man who comes near, and one soldier has got a staggering knock in the attempt. At the top of the steps are two other monks, one holding out the monstrance as if to call down vengeance on the sacrilegious invaders, the other clinging to his side; but the square is filling with French soldiers from every side, and the mad resistance must soon end.

M. Girardet's picture is evidently dramatic in choice of subject, and the composition does it justice. Though far from being as good as M. C. Blant's picture just alluded to, it has some bits which are very meritorious. In the figure of the white clad monk brandishing his crucifix before bringing it down on his adversary's head, the backward swing and muscular effort of the arms are very energetic, as the skull of the old soldier rushing up in the foreground can testify.

The soldiers are a trifle confused in grouping; in the mixture of legs it is hard to assign them all the right owners. The old soldier just mentioned, with all

his running does not run, but sticks fast in full career. The right leg is raised and ought to be off the ground, but by bad management of the shadow seems to rest on the pavement, and is too long to foot.

The general tone of the picture is good; neither too bright nor too sober, and the buildings round the square are well put and well painted. The most serious objection to the work is its lack of individuality; the painter seems under the influence of both Horace Vernet and de Neuville, especially the latter.

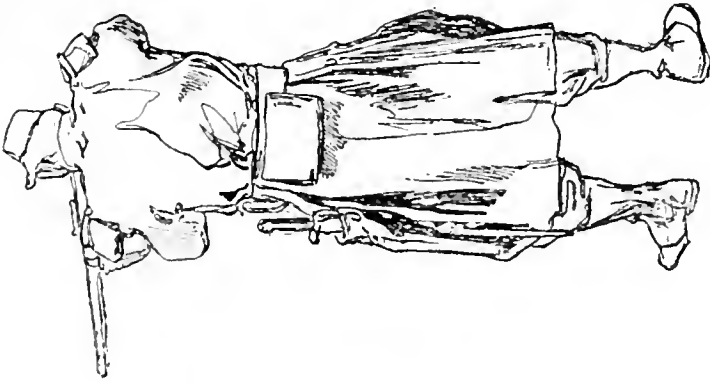
"Departure of the Squadron" is the title of M. Jazet's contribution, and very pleasant and sentimental it is. A non-commissioned officer of cuirassiers, before quitting the village where his squadron has halted, tries to get a kiss from a pretty girl, who is warding off the attack, but with a faintness of resistance that consorts ill with her ostensible severity, while a saucy-looking wench beside her seems urging that she might as well give in; for a kiss or two once in a way, or oftener, is no killing matter.

Will he get the kiss, or will he not? Whichever he does it won't help the picture, which is fairly drawn, but thin and untrue in color.

M. Lançon sticks to his warlike subjects, and his mind seems still wandering through the labyrinth of suffering of the terrible invasion year. His picture recalls to mind one of the bloodiest contests of the Rhine campaign, where the French, after driving the Prussians out of the village of Monzon, took care, before following up their advantage, to shelter their dead and wounded from the sun beneath a cart to which a horse was tethered. The Prussians, resuming the offensive, drove the French back in the village, where they fought as skirmishers from house to house, and this return is the theme the painter has chosen.



JUGLAR (V. H.)—*The Spy*.



LANSJON (A.)—*War (Fragment)*.

M. Lançon is a worthy artist, and one of our most noted animal painters; some of his lions and lionesses are capital bits of work. As a draughtsman of military scenes too, he is much sought after by publishers of illustrated books. Unfortunately with all these good qualities he is but a second- or third-rate artist. His "War" is correctly drawn and well-arranged, but the unpleasant color spoils the effect. Still some parts are praiseworthy enough.



POILLEUX SAINT-ANGE — *Reception of Prefect Valentin by General Urich.*

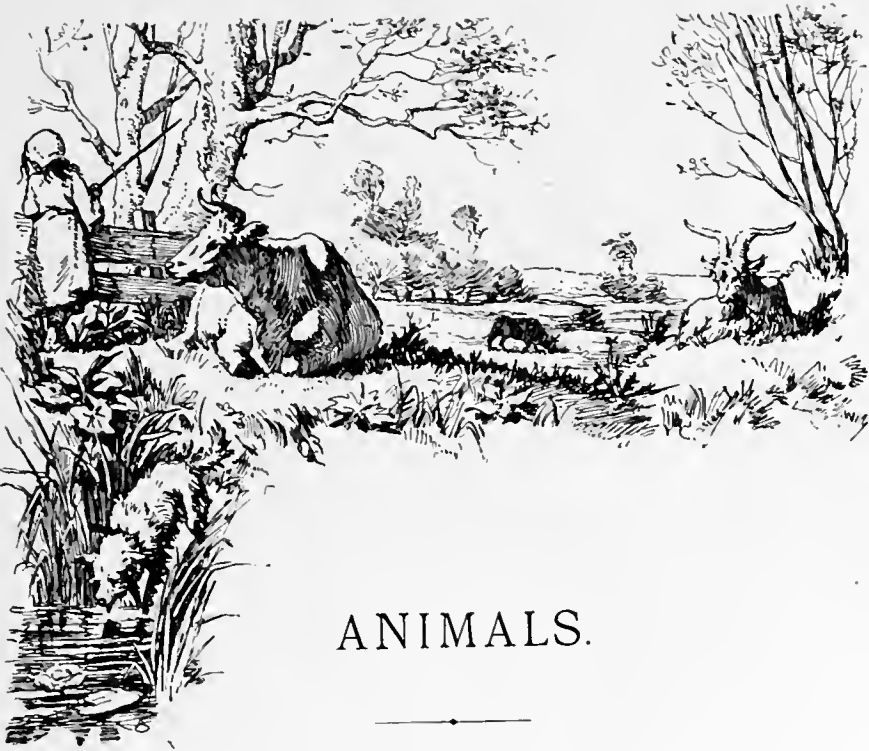
Another young painter of military scenes is M. Du Paty. He sends two pictures this year, both of them indicating the real artistic temperament. One of them is a bivouac at the untimely hour when the soldiers are roused out of their slumber and their tents by the tattoo of the *reveille*, when day is just breaking, and a general chorus of cock-a-doodles rises from all the neighboring villages and farms. M. Du Paty's picture shows us the

men at the important business of getting their morning coffee, gathering around their pots and pans in picturesque groups lit only by the fire-light.

His second picture, "On the Train," gives us a party of the reserves, crowding the seats of a railway carriage and killing time as best they may, on their tedious way to join their corps, in singing, chattering, drinking, reading, or musing. Each of these minute faces has its own individual character and expression, for they are painted with a free and skilful pencil by an artist of taste and knowledge.

Among the other military sketches of the year, I must pass with mere mention "Reception of Prefect Valentin by General Urich," by M. Poilleux Saint-Ange; "George, Prince of Wales, reviewing the Grenadier Guards," by M. Armand Dumarescq; "There they are!" a conscientious bit of work with some merit by M. Beaumetz; and finally "They are at Home," by M. Philipoteaux; a very faint reminder indeed, of the same artist's fine canvasses at the Louvre and the Luxembourg—"Bonaparte at Rivoli," and "Louis XV.," two works which may rank among the very best in the department of military and historical art.

GUSTAVE GÆTSCHY.



ANIMALS.



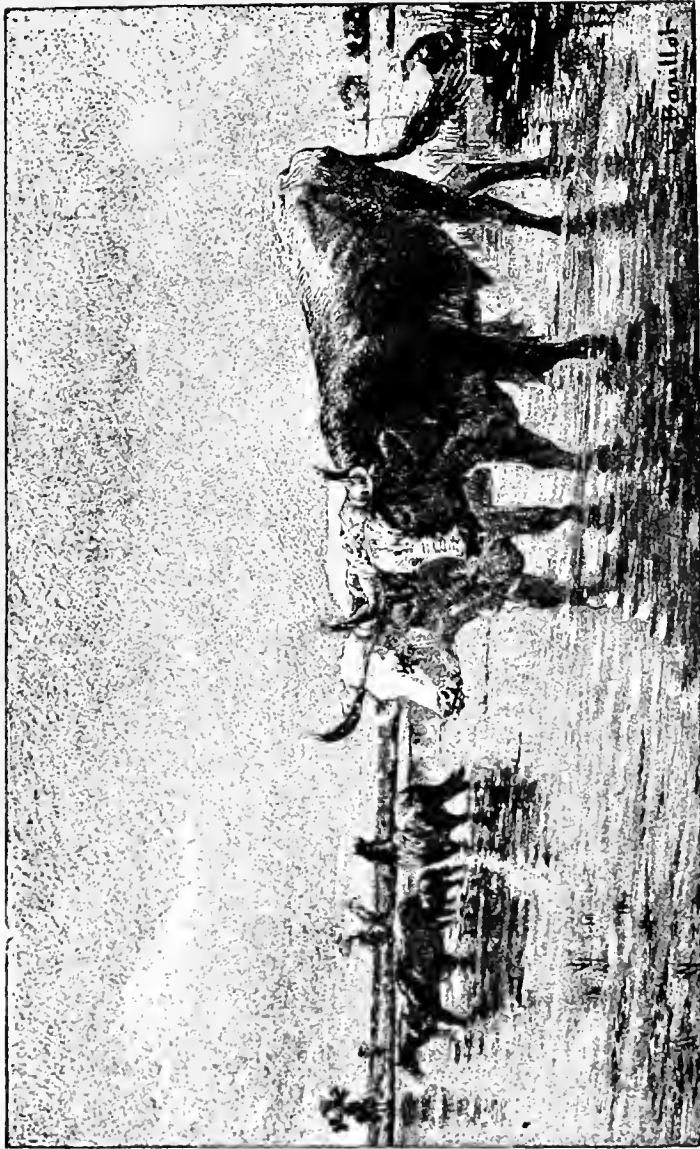
WITH a few happy exceptions, the greater part of the pictures at the Salon this year do not rise above the level of the most painful mediocrity. Yet to this sweeping blame an exception might be made in favor of the painters of animal life.

Naturally enough, popular preference is apt to tend towards second-rate men who have secured the official endorsement and comment of the catalogue. How can we expect people to be interested in a canvas—for example — with nothing but sea in it, and big blue waves tipped with foam? What do they care for a copper kettle with three flounders on one side and a bunch of radishes

on the other? Who could even get up an emotion at sight of a twopenny bunch of violets in a glass of water? And what can the painter be thinking of who tries to get us to look at a picture of lambs kicking up their innocent heels in a meadow, or cows in a swamp, or cattle in a stable, or cocks and hens in a poultry-yard? Not a snap does the public care for all of it. Show us a big canvas with something dramatic and awful, something to make us shiver; that is what we paid our money for, and without a good shiver we don't get our money's worth. That, I am sorry to say, is all most people care for art and artists in this dear old France, which claims to queen it over this whole intellectual and artistic world!

That we should set up on pedestals a lot of second-rate men who have everything showered on them—Institute diplomas and medals and ribbons and money, everything in short but talent—is actual enough. What matters it that we put up temples to Paul Delaroche while we spit on Delacroix? What matters it that we spurn Corot and lampoon Courbet? Did lessons of this sort ever do any good to any mortal man?

Yet what masterpieces lurk among the canvasses that we won't look at, or at best deign to notice with one disdainful glance! When shall we have an end of this absurd and haughty assumption by the imbecile multitude? When shall we learn that in art, the artist's choice of subject is but a minor matter? And when shall we come to fitting respect and appreciation for the man who faithfully and unweariedly digs like a day-laborer, if thereby he may at least enter into full possession of his subject, may see it live and move before his eyes in its proper medium—in broad daylight and open air—that hardest



BARILLOT (L.)—The Ponds of St. Paul de Lanza.



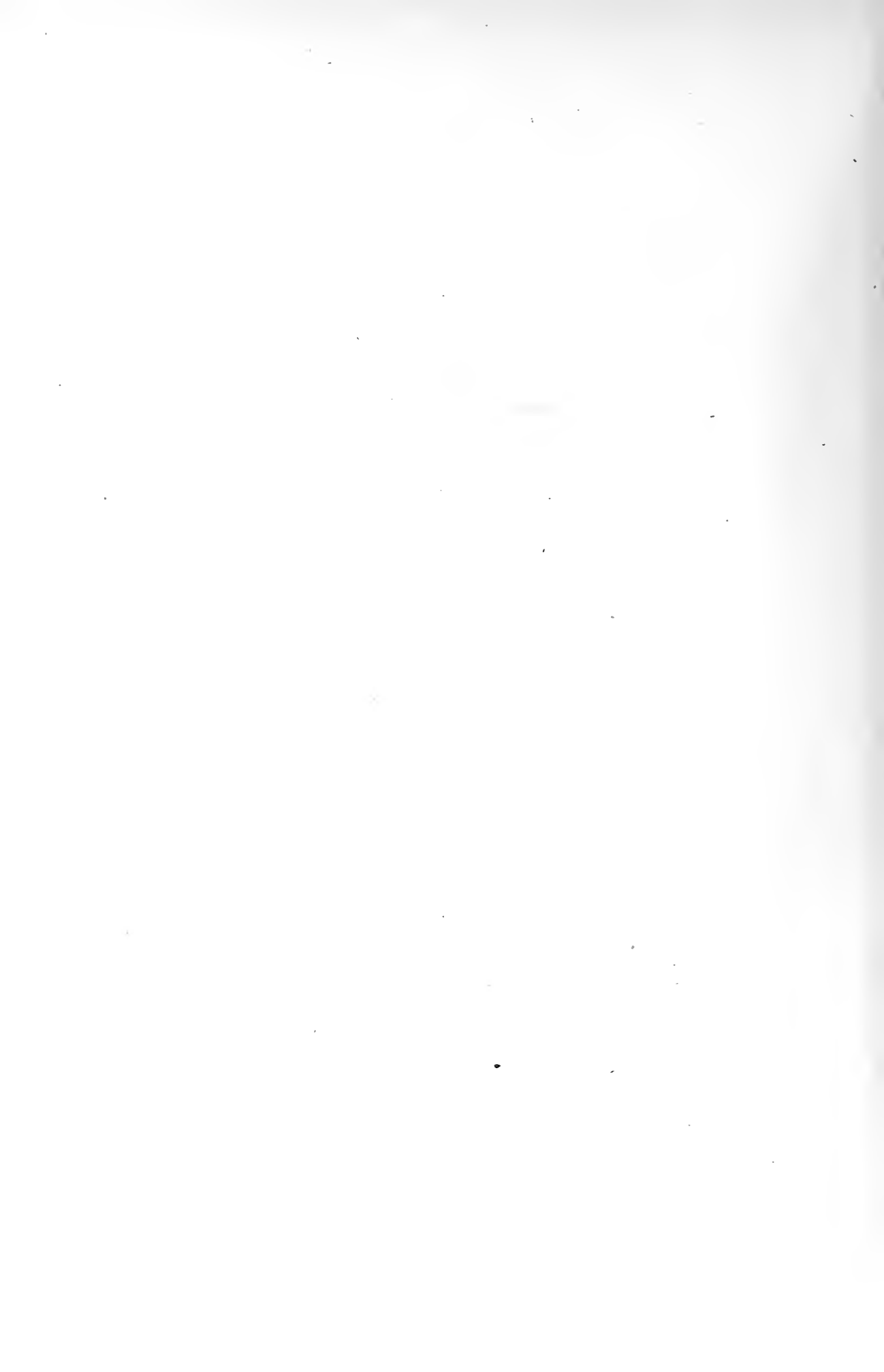
Photogramme simple, A.C.N.

THE SEINE AT ST. DENIS.

Print par Prouve



DUMER (J.)—*Bulls and Frogs.*



thing for a painter to do amid the grand panorama of nature, ever new and ever shifting, yet so grand and sublime, withal, for the man who can bring the eye of the soul and the eye of the flesh, at once, to its contemplation!

The great mass of the public are wrong to take no fitting interest in works which have no *subject*, properly so-called; a matter of slight importance to the discreet, who go to the Salon for *painting* simply as such. Those who go for scenes to stir them to more or less violent emotion, may be safely commended to take a front seat at the *Ambigu* or the *Châtelet*, where M. Taillade, with his spectacle or melodrama, will properly set their hair on end. That is what he is there for—'tis his business, not the painter's.

On the other hand, let those who really love painting for its own sake, and can thrill all over at sight of a plain little landscape, with nothing fine about it but the divine daylight, which infuses it with sublimity, or a scrap of poultry-yard, with nothing in it but dirt, dung heaps, and the song of birds—let such, if any such there be, kindly give us their company through the rooms of this year's Salon, and we will try to pick out for them the best works of these artistic orphans and pariahs, whose speciality it is to paint animal life. Our stroll shall be guided by no order or principle, but altogether at haphazard, and doubtless it will be all the better for us. Chance, we know, is a beneficent deity who always smiles on those that trust him.

M. Vayson has sent a fine work in his "Driving out the Cattle." Day has not fairly dawned, and the air is fresh and chill. At this early hour, "between the dark and the daylight," the shepherdess, wrapped in her shep-

herd cape and hood, leads out her sheep, knitting as she walks slowly along, with the flock in close order after her. From this simple canvas there breathes a very subtle and powerful charm; the shadow effects are very striking, the distance well managed, and the aërial perspective of the farther trees very skilful. M. Vayson is a true artist, and in all his canvases shows genuine individuality of a high stamp. "Driving out the Cattle" is incontestably one of the best works of its class in the Salon. Most of them run to gray; M. Van Marcke, a notably good colorist, is almost the only one to touch a high, brilliant key of tone, in his "Bourbel Meadows," as the catalogue has it, in which red, white, and black cows are seen feeding, under the care of a cow-herd, who moves about the meadows on a white horse, while his dog chases the birds which he flushes in the grass. The painter has taken great care with the blending of his tints, and the result is a perfect harmony of color in the *ensemble*, very pleasing to the eye. Real judges of painting will be glad to linger before it; but what is the use of the steam from the muzzle of the cow in the foreground, unless it be a mere concession to a low phase of popular taste?

By the sea-beach at Mentone, M. Zuber shows us "A Halt," a fine picture, with good color, a brilliant, white, dawning light, and shadows which finely subserve the general tone of the composition. The grouping of the sheep is skilful, the composition effective, and the whole work so flooded with brightness, that the spectator is fain to use his hand to shade his dazzled eyes.

Every one will be tempted to stop before M. Ph. Rousseau's "Retriever and Rabbit," a specially careful, neat, and dainty bit of painting, perhaps a trifle too much

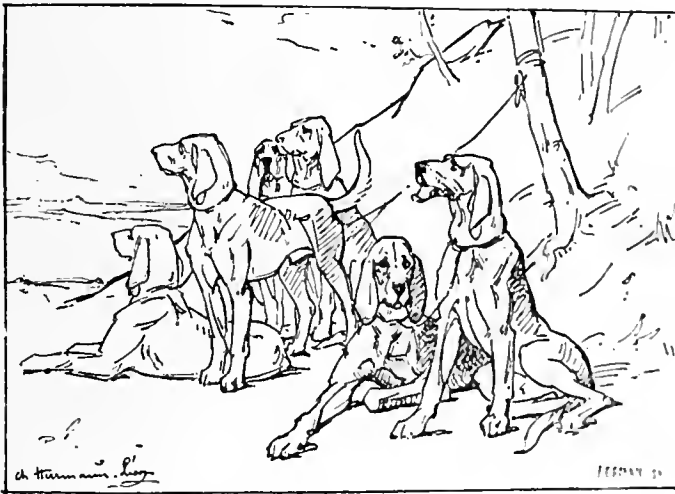


LANCÓN (A.)—*The Lions.*



PALAZZI (G.)—Little Goat-herd in the Abruzzi.

so, but well treated, and evidently the work of a conscientious and clever, if not a very great artist. M. Hermann-Léon's "Dog Relay" is not attractive. The dogs are well grouped and posed, and carefully painted; as literal imitation they are well enough, and look very like real dogs at a distance. More closely viewed they are sadly wooden and mechanical, and turn out uninteresting altogether.



HERMANN-LÉON (C.)—Relay of Dogs.

A very creditable picture, on the foreign side of the central hall, is the "Abruzzi Goat-herd," by M. Panizzi, an artist of merit, who sends us this year one of his best contributions. The girl's figure is well relieved, as she stands, staff in hand, against a dark sky background, with her goats capering about her on the steep hill-slopes. The painter has given his subject careful study, and has admirably hit the real *open air* feeling we have before alluded to. He exhibits also a "Portrait of a Dog," of no great value. It shows too much the influence of some alien will and taste; and it would be safe to wager that

the dog's owner—with all respect for the owner—aided and abetted in the operation. M. Panizzi's "Fox in the Barn-yard" is much better, and claims mention. M. Schmidt's "A Crowded Excursion Train" has some noteworthy merits.

M. Schenck is rather too much given to repeating himself; but his "Echir" or "Ecir" is a fine bit. *Echir* is the term used by the peasants of Auvergne for a



SCHENCK (A.)—*A Snow-squall in the Mountains of Auvergne.*

mountain snow-squall. The painting shows us a flock of sheep caught in one of those flurries, and crowding together for shelter against the thick clouds of drifting snow. The shepherd, his garments streaming in the wind, strives with voice and gesture to encourage and keep them together, but his cries seem drowned by the howling of the gale, and his very dog shirks his usual duty and covers before the blast. The group is



WYSON (P.)—Departure of the Flock.



BOSHER (U. A.)—Return from the Fair (Fragment).

full of harmony and excellent for its *ensemble*. The only fault we have to find with M. Schenck, who has indisputable merit, is, as we have hinted, that he harps too much on the same string; he would gain by a little variety.

M. Bisson exhibits "Help!" a whole ornithological drama in one act, and very skilfully handled. The painter is a very meritorious artist, and tells his little story with skill and effect.

Besides a very fine bit of military painting, which, unfortunately, lies out of our department, M. Auguste Lançon exhibits "Lions," in which a superb lioness, her whelps gambolling about her, lies half asleep in a meadow, while her consort, the monarch of the desert, takes his royal nap a little further off. M. Lançon is the only one of his class who has painted wild beasts this year. It may be doubted whether any artist, ancient or modern, ever gave such life-like delineations of animal nature. M. Lançon's lion, lioness, and whelps are all absolutely superb in the fullest sense of the word. The artist is a master in coloring, he has a way of blending his tones and working them up to a *crescendo*, which is very effective. Then his *impasto* has a delightful solidity and vigor; his method is large and strong, with a breadth of touch as unusual as refreshing. Just as it stands, the canvas is one of the best of this year's works; yet it might be safe to wager that the prizes will fall to a lot of second-rate artists, who put *ess. bouquet* in their colors and manufacture papier maché animals for the popular taste.

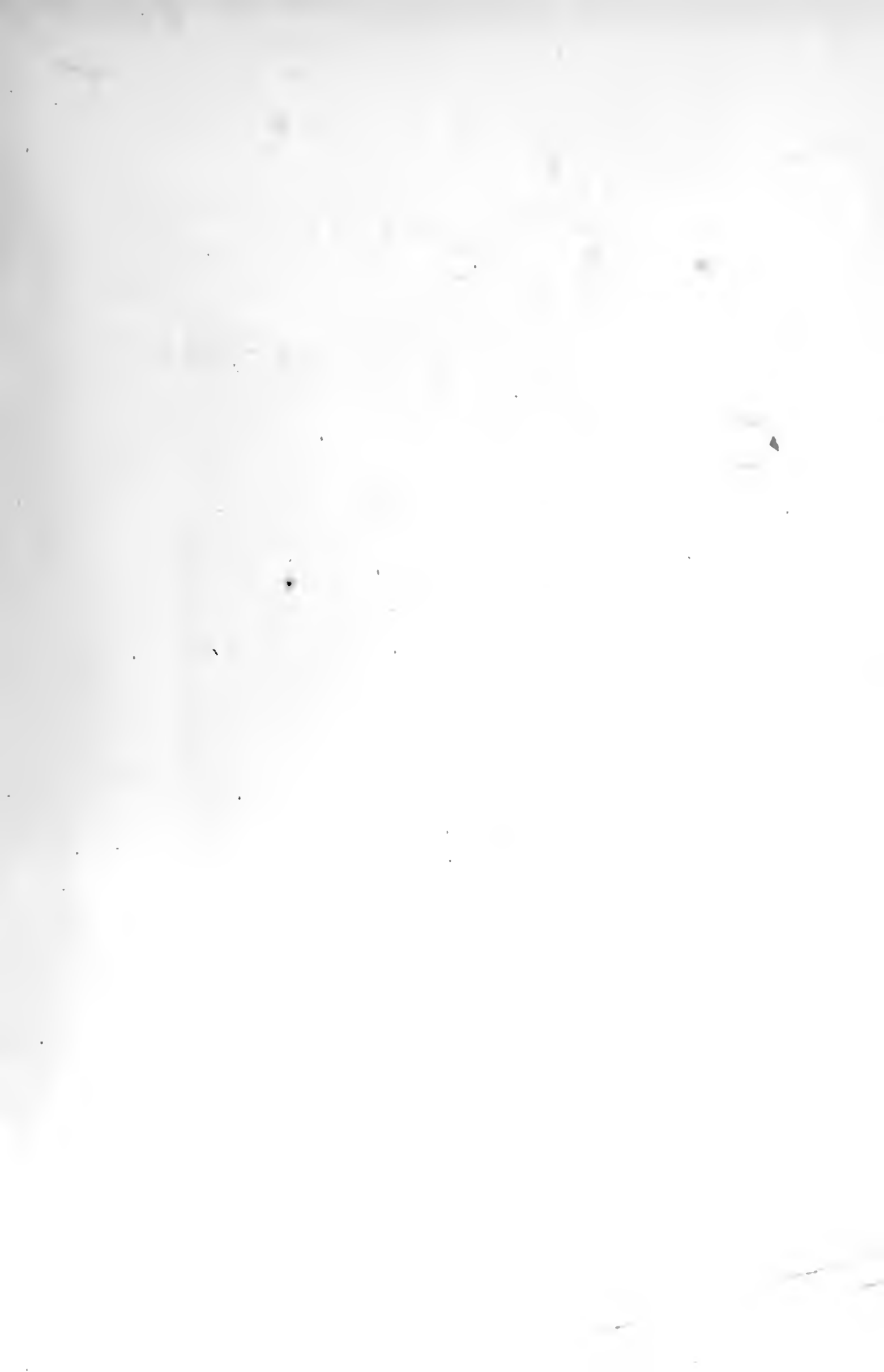
M. F. de Vuillefroy, with his two canvases, "Coming from Pasture," and "By the Brook," claims the highest critical approval. In the first, he shows us a herd of cows

coming back through the twilight to their shed, at the peaceful hour when noise and stir give place to quiet and all nature sinks to rest. No sound breaks the stillness but the slow tramp of the cattle and the gentle tinkling of their bells. The shadows are falling over the landscape, save where a single gleam of high light in the distance falls sharply across the meadow, and offers a bright background, against which the cattle stand out in dark relief.



VUILLEFROY (F. DE)—*Coming from Pasture.*

The picture gives us a sense of freer breathing, and the nameless fascination of twilight fields; it is clearly one of the artist's best. The effects are carefully studied, the drawing correct, and the color vigorous, and this conscientious study it is which give a landscape life. Altogether "Coming from Pasture" is certainly one of the best canvases of the year. We find the same conscientious quality in the other painting, "By the Brook," likewise a very satisfactory work. The "Roller," by M. F.





THE DEPARTURE OF THE SQUADRON.



MERRY (A) 1 - Union v. Strength.



SCHORN (L. J.)—*The Stable.*



GRATEYROLLE (S.)—Autumn Sowing in the Creuse.

S. Brissot de Warville, is a picture of sheep, and very delicate in tone. The shepherd sits, with his dog beside him, near the farm-implement indicated in the title, while his sheep are browsing the young grass, in a landscape rather grayish in tone. The whole work is very carefully and skilfully got up, the execution a trifle *finical*, perhaps, but effective notwithstanding.

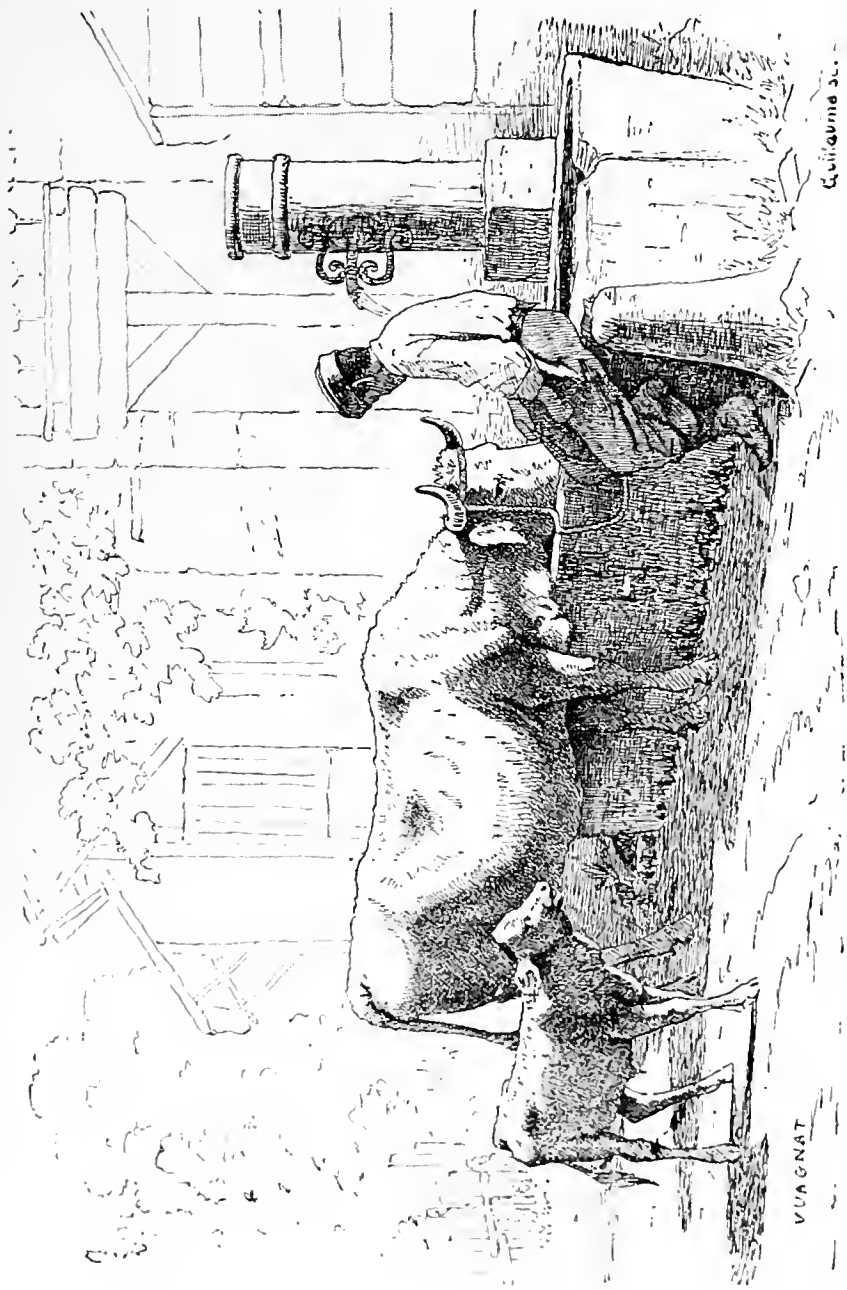


BRISNOT DE WARVILLE (F. S.)—*The Roller.*

M. Méry is not only a good painter, but a shrewd one as well. With all his pains to select and get up his subject, there is no uncomfortable evidence and effort and study to injure the effect, and so he conciliates the attention of careful judges as well as of the merely curious. In his picture, "In Union there is Strength," a lot of hens, with chanticler at their head, have strayed among the bee-hives, and, in their pecking, knocked one of them over, with disastrous results. The busy little insects rush out in fury at the destruction of their home, and swarm about the poultry, which are scurrying off in terror, while the rooster flaps his wings and struts off in disgust. But the bees follow them up, and winged victory evidently declares for the more numerous, if not exactly the bigger

party. A very charming picture, with the one fault, perhaps, of being a trifle too intellectual—too clever. Another which is decidedly so, is M. Bonnefoy's "Monsieur, Madame, et Bébé," a family of sheep, where *Monsieur*, the ram, is tenderly and caressingly rubbing his fleece against *Madame*, the ewe, while *Bébé*, the lamb, affectionately pokes his pink muzzle against his mother's, in right infantile fashion. There are many good things in the picture, but M. Bonnefoy's sheep are a deal too neat and civilized; very life-like, certainly, but still a sort of parlor sheep, rather than the real article—the average sheep of commerce. The work attracts a good deal of attention, reminding us, as it does by its title, of Gustav Droz's graceful little book, and the compliments which the artist gets, are not all to be set down to the credit of the association.

An Austrian painter, well known at the Salon, is M. O. de Thoren, who exhibits two pretty bits, much noticed and applauded, "Cows by the Water-side," and "The October Return." In the latter, M. Thoren shows us a farm-yard in a hubbub; oxen, cows, and calves crowding thirstily to the clear fluid of the watering-trough, pigeons cooing and fluttering on the thatched-roof, and poultry pecking and fighting in the yard. Further off, a servant-maid stands in the shadow of the great porch, her figure relieved in high light against the dark background within. The coloring of the whole is very warm and pleasing. The grouping of the different animals is skilful, and their motions and surroundings all very natural and life-like. "The Cows at the Water-side," are seen feeding in the open air, the effect of air and light carefully studied. M. O. de Thoren deserves particular congratulation for the noteworthy good quality of his contribu-



VUAGNAT (F.)—*At the Fountain.*



BONNHOY (II)—*Monsieur, Madame and Baby.*



THOREN (O. DEL.)—At the Water's Edge.

tions. M. Bouché is a pupil of Corot, and does his master credit. His "Plough-Horses" fasten general attention, which is saying a good deal. The painter is a conscientious artist, who shuns artificial work, and has no notion of trying to paint nature within his four studio walls. M. Bouché's picture is highly interesting, and proves him not merely a painter but an artist, which does not always mean the same thing. M. F. A. Bonheur exhibits this year "Coming from Market," and "Horses at Pasture," of which we greatly prefer the latter; a work very artistic in arrangement, warm in tone, and very strong in its patient study and careful observance of values. The sheep are well drawn and painted, and the different groups of cattle are put in with great care, but with sufficient variety. To a close examination, the work shows some defects, but only such as emphasize the artist's many merits.

M. L. Barillot's "Ponds of St. Paul de Varax" is a pretty bit. M. C. E. Frère's "Donkey Inn at Tréport" is carefully studied, and has some effective contrasts of tone.

M. J. Didier, though he went to Rome as prize student in 1857, has not justified the honor by any great success since. His picture this year, "Bulls and Frog," aspires to a prize, and may get it, though we doubt. It is admirable in drawing, and still better in execution; the two bulls are thrusting and butting in properly savage fashion, and the work has all the good gifts, except the one thing needful, life. "A Ford in Morvan," by the same artist, good in light and broadly painted, is much better.

M. A. de Knyffs gives us a good picture in his "Old Willow," a country girl watering her cow at the ford, in which the artist makes a fine effect out of his bold con-

trast of black and white, his fine, strong light, and his brilliant and fascinating coloring. M. Knyff is, as we very cheerfully repeat, a very meritorious artist.

M. T. B. Gelibert's "Stag at Bay," and "The Victors," are interesting works. In the first the stag, hard beset by the dogs, has ripped open several of the most daring with his formidable antlers. "The Victors" has more solid merits; the first looks like a bit of studio work, while the other, if we do not greatly mistake, has been studied faithfully from nature; but the two, at all events, make up a most creditable contribution.

Before closing our long stroll through the animal department, we should stop a moment before M. Camille Paris' picture of the "Victorious Bull—Roman Campaigna." Another bull-fight between two fine creatures, which are having a very dramatic time of it. The dust flies in clouds, and one bull plunges his horns into his adversary's chest, till the blood pours in torrents. The whole make up a large canvas, very vigorous and full of movement, and suggestive of fine artistic temperament in the painter.

The animal department, as we stated at first, is well represented in this year's Salon. In view of its good and interesting material, it is provoking that the general public should show so little appreciation for a class of work at least as much worth study as the superficially more attractive productions of a different class of painters, whose mediocrity has somehow not hindered them from becoming popular.

HENRI DEMESSE.



Photo from ...

STEAMER LANDING IN NORWAY

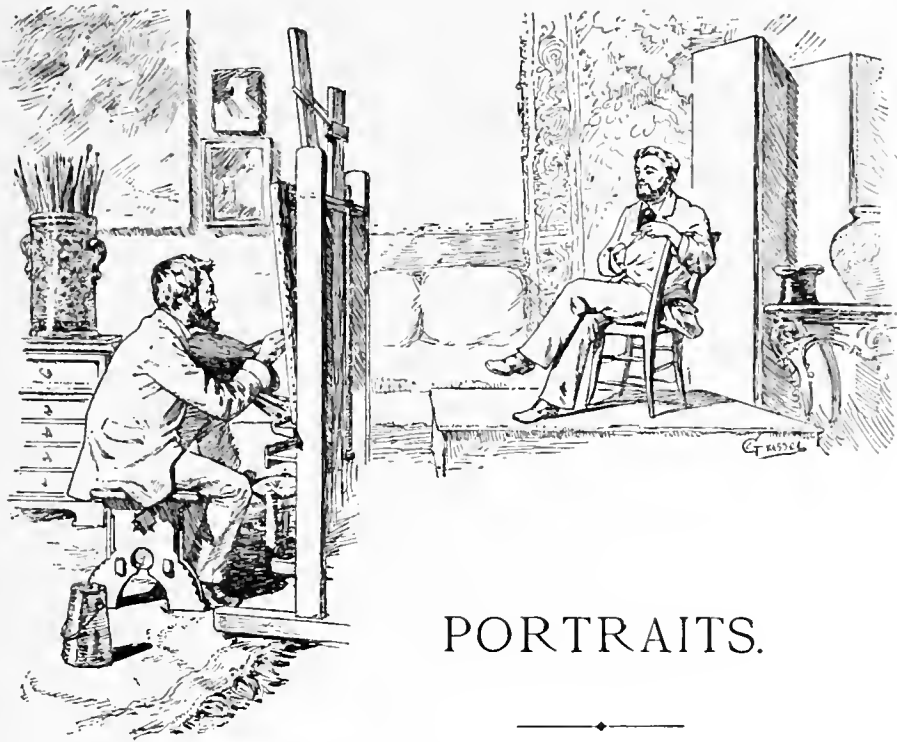
From the South Head



BONHEUR (F. A.)—Return from the Fair.



RELOFS (W.).—Herons and Cormorants.



PORTRAITS.



MENDRIZ—Portrait of M. J. R.—

ÆSOP, we are told, while yet a slave at Samos, was one day sent to market with his master's orders to buy the best and only the best of the season. Thereupon he bought tongues, and when his master, next day, laughingly sent him back to get the *worst* he could find, the witty servant came back with the same purchase. "The tongue," said he, as he brought in his wares, "is the worst thing in the world—and the best, too!"

The three or four hundred portraits in this year's Salon lend a point to the anecdote. For portraiture is, in art, just an illustration of Æsop's tongue; nothing can

be better or nothing worse. It is either the concentration and quintessence of historical painting, or a mere draft on the vulgar vanity of the sitter. When it is not absolutely truthful—and stamped with the threefold impress of the subject, the artist, and the period, it sinks to the level of a mere accessory. A collection of the historical figures of any given epoch should reproduce for us the whole period, in all its phases, its habits, its tastes, and its typical character. Philippe de Champaigne has fixed upon his canvas, for all time, the social features of the Jansenists, with their stern concentration and Puritan hardness. We can feel the social pulse of the age of Louis XIV. in the portraits of Lebrun, Rigaud, Largillière, and Mignard; in those of Nattier, Vanloo, Fragonard we catch the facile grace and the exaggerated gallantry—now grown proverbial—of the times of Mme. de Pompadour; while through the canvases of Louis David, Pagnest, Reynault, and Gérard, the strong, energetic faces of the First Revolution and the Empire, and such a line of portraiture runs an artistic thread which binds generations in relation. What story do our portrait-painters tell of us? Let us see.

Sooth to say, we seem very fairly treated, quite as well as we have any right to expect. Portrait painting is in high favor, and our painters not only cultivate it eagerly, but in some cases carry it to great perfection. Fancy or imagination, which work by pure synthesis, have yielded the palm to observation, and the taste for truth and literalness has grown with the development of the exact science. Nowadays we are not satisfied with exterior resemblance, more or less accurate, but call for a real physiological transcription of character, in which such outward likeness is but the vehicle of expression for



VUILLERMET (Ch.)—Portrait of M. S. C.—



GLAZA. (P. P. L.)—Portrait of M. A. Faucher.

moral characteristic and essential habit of mind. The portrait which does not tell the subject's way of life, temperament, disposition, and turn of mind, is void of interest. What we insist on is not a bit of painting looking more or less like the physical man, but the man himself—his innermost traits caught and portrayed in living semblance.

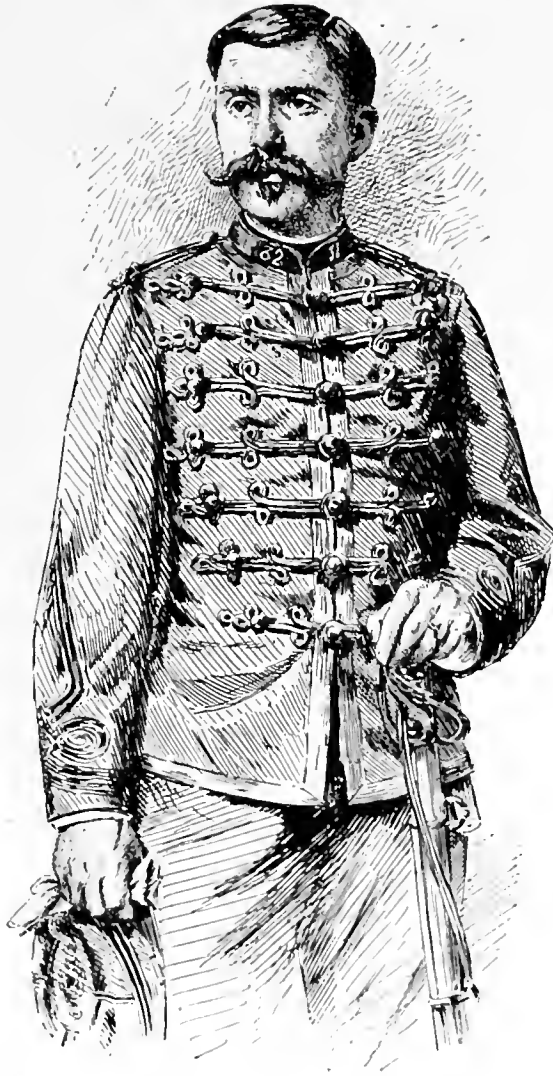
In the works of all modern portrait painters, worthy of the name, we find all the symptoms of evolution in social condition—the anxious onlooking toward the future, so apparent in our eagerness for innovation, offset by a mindfulness of the past nourished by exacting tradition, and over all, and through all, a tinge of *melancholy*, a lack of intellectual poise, the more noticeable for the mask of assurance in which it is often disguised. It is a rare thing to find a brain which is calm and at rest, or features either. When we feel the charm of a really serene face, it is almost always on the features of a very young or a very old person, where life has not yet cast its shadow of anxious unrest, or where old age has spread its veil of calm. All between are the slaves of nervous overstrain, and wear its scars; the lack of equilibrium in our souls writes its story in our drawn and agitated features.

Unfortunately some of the best of the men who have learned to paint in the imaginative way which comports with the spirit of the age, have failed to exhibit this year. M. Ribot, the most penetrative and forceful in this painting of character, was just getting over a severe illness, and preferred to take things easily during his convalescence, by exhibiting some of his old works in private, rather than hurry with incomplete or crude contributions to the Salon. The exhibition, which took place

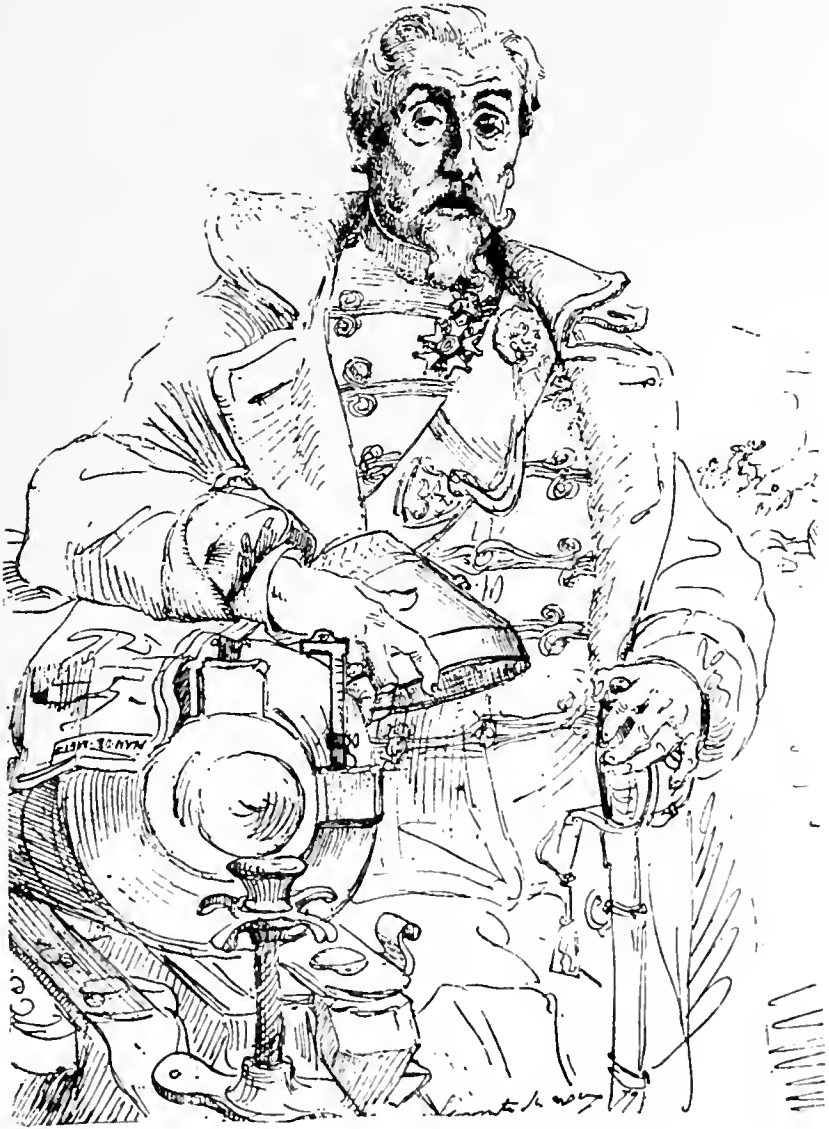
at the gallery of the "Art" journal, brought him deserved reputation. M. Henner, who had produced such an admirable full length of General Chanzy, and such wonderful portraits of women, this year gives us only masterpieces in another line. M. Elie Delaunay withdraws within himself, to silently study out the multiform expressions of the disorder which Bouchut has stamped with the terrible phrase *nervosity*, until such time as he shall give us a pendant to his superb but painful portrait of Mme G. B——, a well-known sufferer from this cruel scourge. M. Chaplin, on whom has fallen the mantle of the eighteenth century painters, with their voluptuous daintiness and brilliant fancies, seems to scorn the Exhibition Building, where he makes but infrequent appearance. With these exceptions, however, the portraitists push on in serried column and firm array. In reviewing them, while I shall have to make some exceptions for deficiency or weakness, I shall also have liberal praise for rising genius and the generous fire of youthful endeavor. The general result will be, I think, amply worth attention.

II.

And first it is to be noted how large a share of the portraits are those of political characters. Year by year the faces of ministers, senators, and deputies take more entire possession of the Salon. A painter, last year, presented the "Portrait of M. X——, Secretary to M. Y—— the deputy." This odd annotation was actually printed in the catalogue, and must be there now. How many portraits of secretaries there may be this year, I cannot say, but portraits of representatives are thick as blackberries. You see what comes of universal suffrage! For example,



DESSAUL (Mlle. L.)—Portrait of Captain C—.



LECOMTE DU NOUY (J. J. A.)—Portrait of Colonel S.—.





Peint par M^{lle} Louise Abbéma

Photographe Goupil & C^{ie}

BLANCHE BARETTA

Actrice de la Comédie Française

SAMUEL L. HALL
NEW YORK

there are the portraits of M. Jules Grévy, President of the Republic, by Bonnat; of Lepère, ex-minister, by Fayen-Perrin; of M. Constans, minister, by Debat-Pousan; of M. Léon Say, President of the Senate, by Mlle. Beaury-Saurel; of M. Andrieux, Prefect of Police, by Bastien Lepage; of M. Naquet, deputy and originator of the divorce movement, by Alphonse Hirsch; of Louis Blanc, deputy, by Pierre Dupuis; of M. Clémenceau, deputy, by Bin, and so on by dozens, almost all incontestably second-rate work. I shrink from the task of conventional enumeration, and the equally conventional set of phrases, "honorable," "sympathetic," etc., usually devoted to political characters.

In praise of M. Bonnat we are all of a mind. His *Grévy* stands leaning with his right hand on two big volumes, closed, of course, and relieved against a dark maroon background. The expression is life-like, if a trifle dry. It is painted with minute and careful touch, but, taken altogether, is hardly so good as the portrait of Thiers, or even that of M. de Montalivet. M. Bonnat has real power, but has a commonplace, not to say vulgar way of putting it forth with too much display—too much "spread" as the peacocks have taught us to say. Hence the lack of natural and genuine sincere character in most of his works. When he paints a woman he turns her into a sort of cockney empress; his men are apt to be stiff, if not ostentatious. M. Grévy, for instance, in the portrait, is uneasy and self-conscious; he is not meditating, he is looking at us who are looking at him. He is not in presence of ambassadors or ministers or deputies; he is not at home, in the streets, or in the country; he is simply on view, returning the stare of the idle spectator, dressed up in a new frock coat of faultless fit.

In all this there is nothing of the profound touch we demand of historic portraiture. It looks like the President, certainly; but the painter should go beyond the superficial likeness. Is there nothing more live and specific in his subject's physiognomy? There should be something of the sort, which, deftly brought out, would have given the picture definite characterization, so that no one henceforth would have cared to do the thing over again; whereas, as it is, the field is still open. The painter gives us a M. Grévy, not M. Grévy.

Minister Costans, as he lives and breathes on M. Debat-Pousan's panel, is seen standing with his right hand in his trousers pocket in an easy and familiar attitude, but grave enough in mien, and painted with great outlay of resource. To judge by appearances he seems one of those wide-awake, well-informed people who make their way by their wits, and know how to take advantage of whatever turns up. M. Bastien Lepage has given us only a clever little sketch of M. Andrieux. Perhaps he thinks a sketch is all a police superintendent is worth; who knows? At all events we find him sitting by a table loaded with bundles of documents—sketchily indicated—leaning toward the spectator with a watchful attention beneath which we catch the first gleam of a smile. M. Edouard Manet devotes a similar sketch to M. Antonin Proust—a large one this time, broadly painted with a good deal of thought and suggestion. Seen from a little way off, it is quite impressive. The subject stands, glove and cane in hand, with a flower in his button-hole and a tall hat rather too small for him. The flower, the attitude, the cut of beard, coat and hat, all the details, bespeak a certain nicety of personal habit, if not dandyism. M. Manet is a close observer, draws well, and is often very



COURTOIS (G)—Portrait of Mme. D.—

delicate in coloring, but what evil genius compels him to always put us off with such hasty and scanty indication instead of finished work? He is said to work slowly, going over every one of his *morceaux* repeatedly, but he seems to have forgotten, if he ever knew, how to get beyond the line which separates sketching from painting. With all his manipulation he as often drops back into the same hesitating and scanty way of telling his story. At one moment his work shows the loftiest aspirations, and the next blunders a tyro would be ashamed of. It was a favorite saying of Michael Angelo, that a good painter needs a good eye and a good hand. M. Manet has the good eye, and he had the good hand as well in the old days, when he painted his "Child with the Sword," as free as Velasquez, as solid and severe as Ribot. Since then, unfortunately, he has got up the practical paradox, that the artist improves in proportion as he more completely unlearns his trade. Of his portraits in general, and that of M. Antonin Proust in particular, I have but one thing to say: a portrait should not rely on mere general appearance and effect, like decorative work meant to be looked at from a distance; it should be definite in detail and enforce clearly, by physical suggestion, its moral scope and meaning.

M. Ribot is a master in this sort of clear physiological definition, and his name calls for admiring mention. The three great artists, Courbet, Corot, and Ribot, will always stand for the pioneers of the naturalistic school. The first heralds the absolute right of the *real* to artistic interpretation—the inherent poetry of rock, tree, water, and flesh; the second governs us the open air, and the law which governs its phases, with all the subtle tints and shades of objects seen in full daylight; the third puts

in a powerful and irresistible plea for physiologic observation. Taken altogether, the efficiency of the three men comprises and sums up the whole philosophy of art in its present development.

At the late exhibition by the painter of "St. Sebastian" and "the Good Samaritan," there were three or four very significant and striking portraits. One, in especial—a man with auburn hair, soft flesh tones, and watery eyes—was very strong and brilliant in execution, and excellent for the keen marking of expression in every feature. The spectator gets at once at the very heart of the character. With his skill and discretion of analysis, and the noticeable perfection of his mechanical means, this painter naturally attains the very ultimate depth of profundity in expression. The aim of the portrait painter is, or should be, to give precise and forceful delineation to certain physiognomic types of human and social character. So far forth, a painter like M. Ribot certainly transmits to posterity a page of history which will be clearly and easily read, while academics like M. Cabanel, who rely on symmetry of line, or impressionists like M. Manet, who work by abbreviation and half-reticent hint or suggestion, run the risk of being misunderstood, or not understood at all, by those who shall come after us. And herein lies the best confirmation of the definition I have already formulated—the academics stand for a worn-out and barren tradition; the impressionists show in their work the anxious and restless strivings of the day; while the physiologists represent the careful scrutiny and wise deliberate spirit which calmly works out results for the future. All civilization is but a chain of sequence, in which each link naturally and inevitably leads up to the next.



VAN DEN BOS (G. P. M.)—Portrait of Mme. Grattot.

Now for M. Léon Glaize's portrait of M. Auguste Vacquerie, the devoted friend of Victor Hugo and the author of *Tragaldabas*. No ordinary head, certainly, with the high, bare forehead, the mocking gleam in the clear cut eyes and on the sarcastic lips, the pointed chin and short beard—altogether a face quite *sui generis*, with its blending of dry humor and gravity, and its mobility of feature, which M. Glaize has not rendered with quite sufficient lightness of touch.

In the full-length portrait of a soldier in cavalry uniform, booted and spurred, standing firm and proud, with hand on hilt as if ready for any event or danger, we have General and Marquis de Gallifet, painted by M. Georges Becker. It is a stern martial figure and most skilfully rendered, but with all its imposing proportions does not win complete sympathy and approval, whether from the fault of the subject or the artist, it might be hard to say.

In the features of M. G——, painted by M. Pharaon de Winter, we can read the story of a whole life of laborious system, economy, and reflection. The sitter is of middle age, the hair short, grayish and lying close to the head, the mouth finely cut, the eye firmly and deeply set beneath the brows, and bright with spirit and life. He sits before us in his green velvet arm-chair with folded hands resting on his crossed knees, in a restful attitude of complete tranquillity, but evidently the most watchful vigilance. M. G—— is clearly not a Parisian, he might be from the north or the south of France, though he looks more like a native of Flanders. However that may be, it is safe to say that he has a keen knowledge of men, is thoroughly trained in practical life, and completely wide-awake. Call him a notary or justice

of the peace, and you would probably be near the truth. M. de Winter has neatly rendered the personality of his sitter by the firmness, yet life, of his drawing, and by the sober tone of the coloring, which adds one more suggestion of the character and surroundings of the individual.

We have no finer artist than M. Paul Baudry, the skilful artist of the grand *foyer* at the Opera House. In himself and his works he sums up the two characteristic features of the time—while he remembers the past, he plans for the future. No one but must remember his free and excellent work in the portraits of M. Edmond About, Mlle. Denière, M. Hoschédé, Mlle. Hoschédé, and General Count de Palikao, all bits of bold work, breathing the most modern spirit, and not likely to die out of notice. M. Baudry this year sends to the Salon a portrait of the sculptor Eugène Guillaume standing by a tub of modelling clay, and one of M. I. B——, which in style and coloring reminds us of Titian's "Man with the Glove." M. Guillaume's face is serious, worn, and marked with the lines of almost painful thought; that of M. J. B—— seems as if looking out at the present from the vantage ground of a far-distant past. Both faces catch and rivet the attention, fraught as they are with the deep interest which always attaches to the efforts and the artistic research of men of such eminence as M. Baudry.

I like M. Bertier's portrait of Count Cahen d'Anvers; the kindly, but somewhat wan features of the old gentleman, with his calm eyes and heavy lips, could hardly be more faithfully reproduced. The painter has put a good deal of oil into his color, with a resulting unctuous sheen in his *impasto* which is excellent for giving the carnation tints so common to the features of comfortable, elderly office-holders and bon-vivants. M. Jules Lefebvre gives



PONCET (J. B.)—Portrait of Mlle. Marie Hamann.

us a profile picture in quite another line, M. Pelpel, a centenarian, but still full of fire and snap. In place of the brush, the painter seems to have taken the burin for the fine lines of the clean-cut eyes, the drawn lips, and the cheeks, rather withered than hollow, which speak the man of action. And while we are on the subject, notice the difference in quality of flesh produced by different vocations, surroundings, and habits of life. In the agricultural laborer, used to working in the glare of the sun, the skin is dry and baked brown, the complexion warm, the limbs stout and knotted, the hands horny. The city workman is less sturdily built, the tan on his face is at once less warm in tone and less healthy, his skin is more transparent, and a slight tendency to get stout shows less regular ways of life and deficient hygiene. The miner is as black of complexion as if the coal-dust had got into his tissues, and is lean without dryness; he looks robust, without exuberance of vitality, and his hair has faded out to a dusty flax tinge. The forge-man is all muscle and sinew, and his flesh, so to speak, cooked over and over in the fires of the mighty furnaces where he heats his glowing metals. The mill-hand is pallid, anæmic, with a tendency to fat, and is sad and dull of mien. The soldier, with his rigid discipline, wholesome diet, and continuous and well-balanced system of exercise, has all the appearance of steady health. The trader, living without bodily exercise in the gloom of his counting-room, gets flabby, stout, and yellow. The banker, who is apt to be a high liver as well, gets fat early in life, and turns very red if he has the sanguine temperament, very green if he is bilious, and very yellow if he is lymphatic, while the flesh is apt to be loose and soft. The lawyer expands in the waist-band as a *corporation counsel* should, and the priest follows the lawyer.

The literary man runs to neurosis—he lives too fast and gets bent and thin; his hands take on a womanly delicacy, and his complexion gets the tint of the musty papers and parchments he pores over. With the actor the flesh is *puttyish*, deadened by the use of stage paint, and scorched and stained with the heat and glare of the foot-lights. The painter is apt to be self-indulgent, and fitful in his activity; he is inclined to nervousness like the musician and the *littérateur*, but more fond of physical luxury, more given to pampering himself, and so less worn of feature. So each different profession brings its special modification to the body as to the mind, and it should be the portrait painter's task rightly to render these delicate shades of difference. As for the moralist, if he could hope attention, he would urge his fellows to go in for gymnastics, fencing, boxing, horseback exercise, and long "constitutionals." Most of us take our relaxation at best in a fitful, spasmodic way; what we want is some regular, deliberate, and well-planned form of bodily exercise. There is no better philosopher or artist than the man whose intellectual faculties and physical strength are kept in equipoise by a good hygienic system, and there could be no form of society so firm and equable as a society whose members are all perfectly well.

Give a passing glance to the portrait of Captain C——, of the cavalry, by Mlle. Léonie Dusseuil; to the full length, about eighteen inches high, of Lieutenant C——, of the foot, in civilian's dress, by M. Courboin; and to the "Child with Dog," which M. Frederic Loewe gives in a portrait of "James." This last bit has a peculiar snap and flavor about it, and should be underscored as a work of great promise. M. Richemont's "Monk" is a genuine and very interesting study.



BERTRAND (G)—*Portrait of Mme. A.*—.



Peint par Jules Lefebvre.

Photographe Goupil & C^o

PORTRAIT

M. Gallian's portrait of the poet, Jean Aicard, shows the stamp of talent and facility, but I do not at all like the dramatic way in which it is posed. The subject sits with legs wide apart, one hand on the table and the other on the arm of his chair, with his head turned to the spectator, and his eyes wild and staring as if challenging admiration from the bystanders for his verse. It is painted, however, with a pliant, elastic touch and considerable breadth.

M. Renard may fairly claim credit for able execution. His portrait of M. D——, in full dress of gray, newspaper in hand, among the trees of his garden-plot, is meritorious for the oddity of the means employed. It is not to be viewed



GALLIAN.—Portrait of M. Jean Aicard.

as a careful study of open-air effect. The garden background is conventional, but the figure with its heavy layers of smooth color, is not without interest, despite the monotony of the method. Remembering M. Renardet's début, now at the Luxembourg—a fine portrait of an old woman, as minute and finished as a Holbein—it would seem as if the artist were not exactly advancing in his art.

In the matter of minute finish, no one can do better than M. Vuillermet, a Swiss painter, who is just Den

ner come to life. I do not see how any one could slip into the hide of an old master, so to speak, more thoroughly than he has. Nothing could be more wonderful in its way than the minuteness of detail in his portrait of M. S. C——, an old gentleman sitting, facing the spectator, his hands crossed on his lap, and clad in a furred dressing-gown and Phrygian cap. Not a wrinkle, a hair, a bristle, or a spot is missing; every thing and every surface, every line, every point has been rendered with the closest fidelity and the most incredible patience. Remove the signature and set the work in a museum, and I defy you not to take it for Denner's, and in saying this I have given in one word its merits and its faults.

Just here seems the best place to mention the most noteworthy of the male portraits in the Salon, that of the painter Ulysse Butin, by his friend Duez. The well-known artist of the *ex-voto* has set up his easel on the green downs close by the white caps of the tumbling waves. He wears a light cap and a close fitting brown woollen jersey, while a sort of long shawl shields his legs from the cool air. There he sits, palette in hand, and color-box beside him, painting away with all his might. His head, with its brisk, alert poise, sets off against the fluctuating background of the sea, while the body is relieved against the green of the turf. If any one doubts whether it is possible to give fine and lofty expression to figures of the day, a look at this work should satisfy him.

The artist has given his setter plenty of fresh air to breathe, and space to move in, and light to see where he is. He has taken him up bodily and set him on the canvas in all the earnest activity of his work, with all his natural freedom of movement, and with absolute



BARRIAS (F. J.)—Portrait of a Young Girl.

fidelity of his surroundings at the moment. Nothing but an earnest zeal for truth will ever bring a painter to translate impressions in such grand and simple style as this portrait; the style takes its origin in sincerity of emotion, not in experience or ratiocination. Give him but



DUEZ (E. A.)—Portrait of M. Ulysse Butin.

strong emotion, and the painter will never want for style, let him be Delacroix, Corot, Millet, Ribot, Regnault, Roll, Gervex, Butin, or Duez. So let us take comfort in the success of this picture. While it adds one more to M. Duez's rising claims to renown, it cannot but promote public appreciation of true and unconventional art.

III.

We will pass now to the female portraits, among which are some specially choice bits deserving immediate mention. First, there is the little portrait of Mme. C. G——, which M. Jules Breton has painted in a pleasing and harmonious scale of grayish tints; next, another small portrait of Mme. Heurteloup, painted in a very refined and masterly way by M. Jules Lefebvre; and again, the blond profile of Mlle. Turquet, on which M. Jean Paul Laurens has spent the choicest resources of his masculine skill. In the same breath I may mention M. Carolus Duran's two portraits, without lengthened comment on the well-known artistic skill of the painter, and his besetting whim for representing the features of our modern civilization under their striking and extravagant phase. His "Child in Red" is very successful in its harmony of warm tints, and is painted with great spirit. His full length of Mme. Georges Petit, standing at a table in a dress of blended tints of blue, relieved against a red drapery, seems to me awkward in attitude and harsh in color. But we need not stint our admiration of the flower in a crystal vase on the table, which is simply a marvel of flower painting.

Foremost among the female portraits which will not soon be forgotten, notice the picture of Mlle. Riesner, by M. Fantin-Latour, a light-haired young girl, in black dress and a black hat of the style common under the Directory, with a full muslin cravat, seated on the edge of a mahogany chair, and looking calmly and frankly out at the spectator. The modelling is marvellous, as is also the liquid, grayish, studio half-light, in which the figure



MOSCHARION (X. A.)—*Victor Hugo.*

seems to float, and in which it takes on a peculiarly natural and life-like expression. M. Fantin-Latour had already given us the same figure in a preceding picture, the present one, like all his work, only gives one more expression of his choice and very individual talent.

M. Mathey's peculiar gift is his exquisite sensitiveness of eye. He is unsurpassed in his skill at decomposing and restoring the subtle and fleeting gleams of color under full light. His portraits, always painted with a rich, full brush, are the very last and best expression of contemporary life and manners. In his contribution, he shows us a sitting female figure in a dress of blue velvet watered with green hues, a cloak trimmed with gray fur hanging from her shoulders, looking at us with a melancholy gaze which may mean weariness or scorn, while the dead pallor of her complexion takes on almost a leaden tinge under the thick coating of rice-powder. The artist has given us not merely the portrait of an individual, but something better—a typical woman.

I don't quite understand what M. Besnard means by his full-length portrait—more than life-size—of Mlle. Melcy, the favorite actress at the Gymnase, in a yellow dress embroidered with red flowers. It may have been painted on a wager, but if so the wager is ill-won, for the work is audaciously crude, lacks any sort of cleverness in treatment, and is not even effective from a decorative point of view. If the artist—once a prize-man at the Roman Academy—designed to startle us with an explosion, the pop of an artistic pistol so to speak, his weapon has hung fire. Eccentricity, to be interesting, must be *bona fide* and spontaneous, whereas M. Besnard seems to be making fun of Mlle. Melcy, the public, and himself, all at once. I have no mercy for this sort of

sham boldness, with no wit in it, nor reason nor excuse for its perpetration. It is barely possible that something of piquancy might have been evolved from the artist's variation on his fundamental theme of gold tone, but his total result lacks any trace of originality, good taste, or conscientious treatment. Instead of appearing in all the halo and brilliance of a successful *tour de force*, he merely shines out in the pitiless hard light of failure and absurdity. Thank Heaven! Among our cluster of full-lengths we can find better and sounder works. The portrait of Mme. D——, in black silk, seated in a red-cushioned chair buttoning a white glove, seems to me especially good, and highly creditable to the artist, M. Louis Deschamps. The subject, with her dainty little face, her fresh girlish prettiness, and her trim little personal adornment, is the very personification of the women of the prosperous middle class in our Southern provinces.

M. Aublet's picture of Baroness B——, pleases me not so well, yet you can see that the artist has excellently hit off the typical woman of Paris. Do you chance to remember the portrait of Mme. Anforti sent by Carolus Duran to the Salon of 1877? The marchioness, gorgeous in her white satin ball dress, was seen coming down the stairway in the act of making her triumphant entry among her guests. In like manner, Baroness B—— is seen coming down her stairway with its wrought-iron balustrades, but in a calling-dress of black satin—going out, evidently, like another, but more aristocratic, Madame Benoiton. M. Aublet has apparently taken great delight in painting the shifting lights and reflections which play over the black satin in very charming fashion. The head, to be sure, is a trifle stiff, and both pose and execution show a certain straining after effect



SAINTIN (J. E.)—*Abandon.*

which borders on mannerism. This double fault, however, is not displeasing to our fair contemporaries, anxious as they are, above all things, to avoid the severe simplicity of their grandmothers; forgetting, perhaps, that their turn will come some day, or careless what their grandchildren may think about them.

I had never till now seen the name of M. Ary Renan appended to a picture, but I find it here on a delicate half-length of Mlle. R——, a young girl with light hair, and childish but serious features, in a dress of creamy white, standing out against a back ground of blue sea. Behind her an orange tree spreads its foliage over her like a canopy, while one of its blossoms has strayed within reach of her hand. M. Renan is the son of the famous writer, and his poetic feeling runs in the blood. He has studied with M. Puvis de Chavannes and M. Delaunay, getting from the latter his drawing, while the former taught him his tempered harmony of coloring and sober grace of arrangement. His first essay appeals strongly to our sympathy, and gives good hope for the future.

Next we find Countess T——, setting out to make calls. A blue bird is poised lightly in her hat, her aristocratic fingers sparkle with jewels, and her fresh, young face is lit with the gentle radiance of youth and good humor—the whole set off by a gray-figured dress which is a masterpiece of good taste. The portrait is a posthumous work of the lamented Edward Blanchard, who died in the height of his activity, at the very moment when he was beginning to shake off the limitation of tradition and strike out his own path. It is painted with a light brush, and the coloring is rather in water-color tone; its most striking merit is the happy accordance

of the treatment with the subject. In the next portrait, by a Belgian painter, G. Van den Bos, we have Mme. Gratiot, likewise sallying out from home. The painter has represented her as armed for conquest in all her splendor—short-sleeved, black satin dress, cut rather low, black gloves with a wilderness of buttons and one heavy gold bracelet, and a round hat with heavy feather. This very pleasing young woman stands facing us, the body slightly turned to one side, with a shade of weariness on her features and her right hand resting lightly on the left, which holds a fan. It is a curious variation on a theme of dark color, but treated with a sort of fashionable grace which may deserve a word of encouragement.

A work of art can stand against time and oblivion only by the thrill of intense truth which pervades it and finds an echo in the souls of the spectators. On this assumption, M. Cabanel's portraits must be considered still-born. His women are not alive, nor ever were; they are mere icy shadows, stereotyped in an attitude of conventional grace, breathing the very spirit of tedium, and just good enough for academic studies, no more. Bring them in contrast with nature, or even with any bit of good work, honestly grasped and rendered, and they fade and pale out at once. Much the same remark applies to M. Hébert's portraits, though the coloring is less conventional. M. Gustave Jacquet, taking ill-counsel of his popularity, is heading in the same direction. His large portrait of Mme. D— shows much mannerism and little life.

Mlle. Bertha Delorme gets her inspiration from Chaplin. Save for the imitation, I greatly approve her airy and graceful picture of a young woman in a white ball dress. M. Courtois is always delicate and subtle, almost too much



GŒNUTTE (N.)—Portrait of Lady C—.



Peint par Richemont

Photogravure Goussier & Co

THE MONK.

CHAPTER I.

so; he has carried refinement of manipulation quite as far as is safe, but he has finely hit off the character of his subject in his portrait of Mme. D——, in her prim pink dress. M. J. B. Poncet, well known for his engravings of Flandrin's pictures,

sends the portrait of a member of the opera company, Mlle. Marie Hamann, which is noticeable for its soft, pleasing tone, and genuine drawing. And from this point on, how am I to indicate the various merits or demerits scattered over the thousands of works sent to this, as to other Salons, and showing, in many cases, an almost fruitless waste of ability? There is a fine, full-length portrait of a woman with a sharp profile, in a red dress, by M. Jacques Wagrez; another of an old lady in dark blue dress trimmed with blue and white bows, by M. Paul Dumas; and again a vigorous portrait of Mme. Robert Mitchell, painted by Mlle. Marie Robiquet, with almost masculine boldness and dash. The half-length of Mlle. Baretta, in her fresh summer toilette,



DOUCET (L.)—Portrait of Miss Guillemette.

calls up the name of Mlle. Abbema, an artist with a sharp eye for personality, who studies with boldness and persistence all the finest shades and expressions of character, as manifested in the women of modern Paris. Neither would it be right to pass over M. Lucien Doucet's portrait of Miss Guillemette, the prettiest and most piquante little midget imaginable, and charmingly dressed; nor M. Langrand's portrait of Mme. L——, gray-haired and dignified, in her black dress, and skilfully painted against a blue background; nor M. Arsène Rivey's very pleasing picture of a lady, whose name is not given.

I have kept two canvases for final mention, in view of their peculiar boldness of treatment—the one, by M. John Sargent, the picture of Mme. Pailleron in her park, with the sun lighting up the green slopes behind her, while she herself stands in clear half-light; the other, a very superior work, by M. Georges Bertrand, the portrait of Mme. A——, strolling in the dazzling sunlight, under her red parasol. The young painter whose name is appended to this exceptional bit of work, harmonious with all its boldness, and soft and delicate through all its vigor, has an exceptionally choice artistic organization. M. Georges Bertrand has made a bold stroke for the approbation of the connoisseurs. We must keep track of him in future; henceforth he counts for something in the artistic world—he is *somebody*.

FOURCAUD.



LEVY (E.)—*Portrait of Mme.* —.

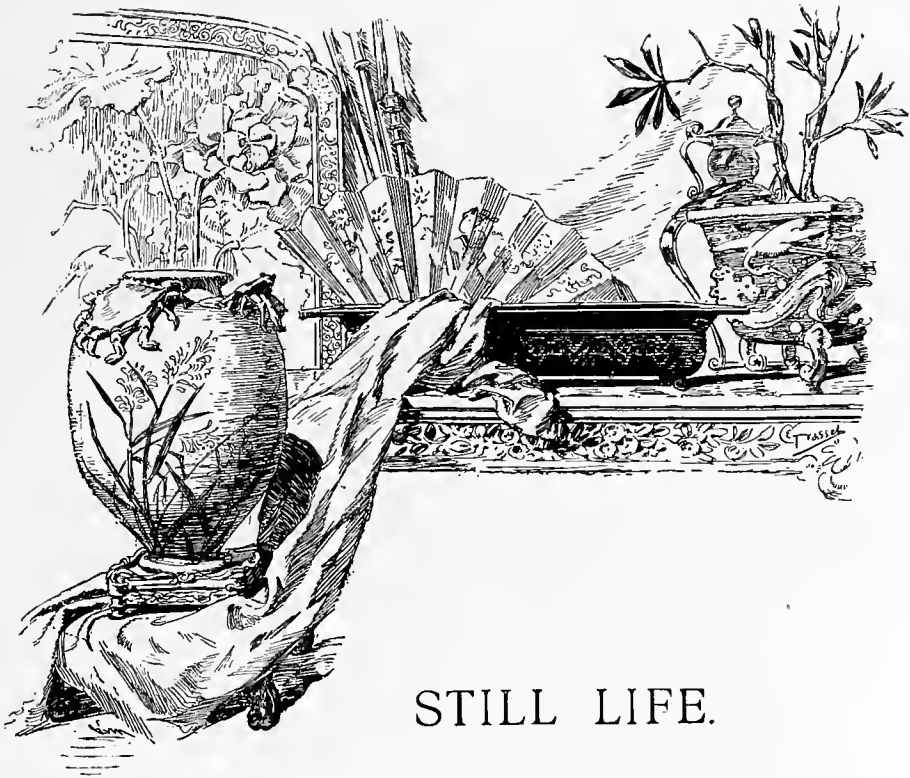


Paint par Richemont

Photogramme Goupil & C^o

THE MONK.

SAMUEL L. HALL
NEW YORK.

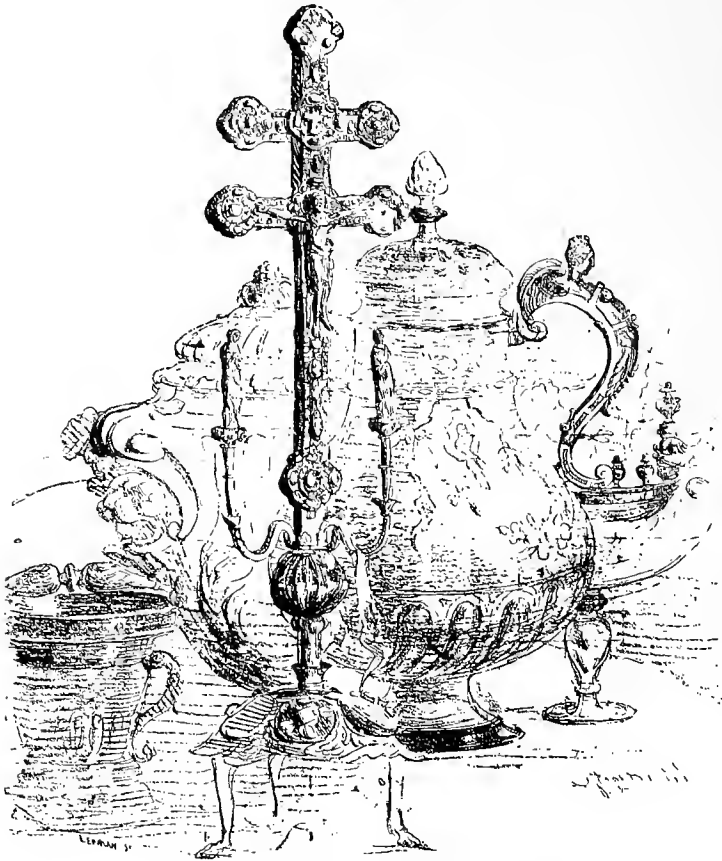


STILL LIFE.



THE still-life painters have carried technical skill to a really marvellous degree of perfection. They have thoroughly learned how to handle their tools, and the weakest of them are completely versed in all the technical processes — all the little artistic “dodges” which convey the impression of bold and large treatment. They are ready, in accordance with the taste of their patrons, or the exigencies of the market, to take up any given receipt, and serve you up, at the shortest notice, the æsthetic dish which happens to be the rage for

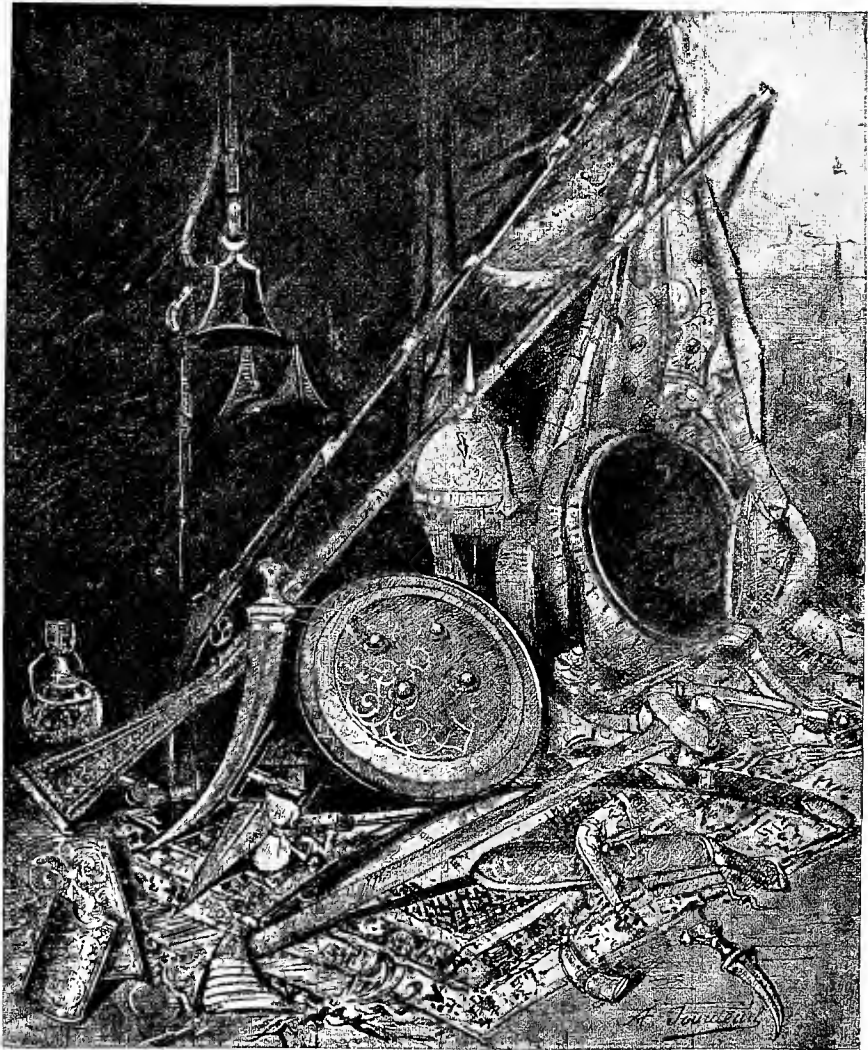
the moment. But the mechanical cleverness which satisfies the superficial taste of the multitude, cannot blind the true connoisseur. Real artists and judges of art pass sadly by this sort of job work, turned out by artisans who have filched from men like Vollon only their amazing technique,



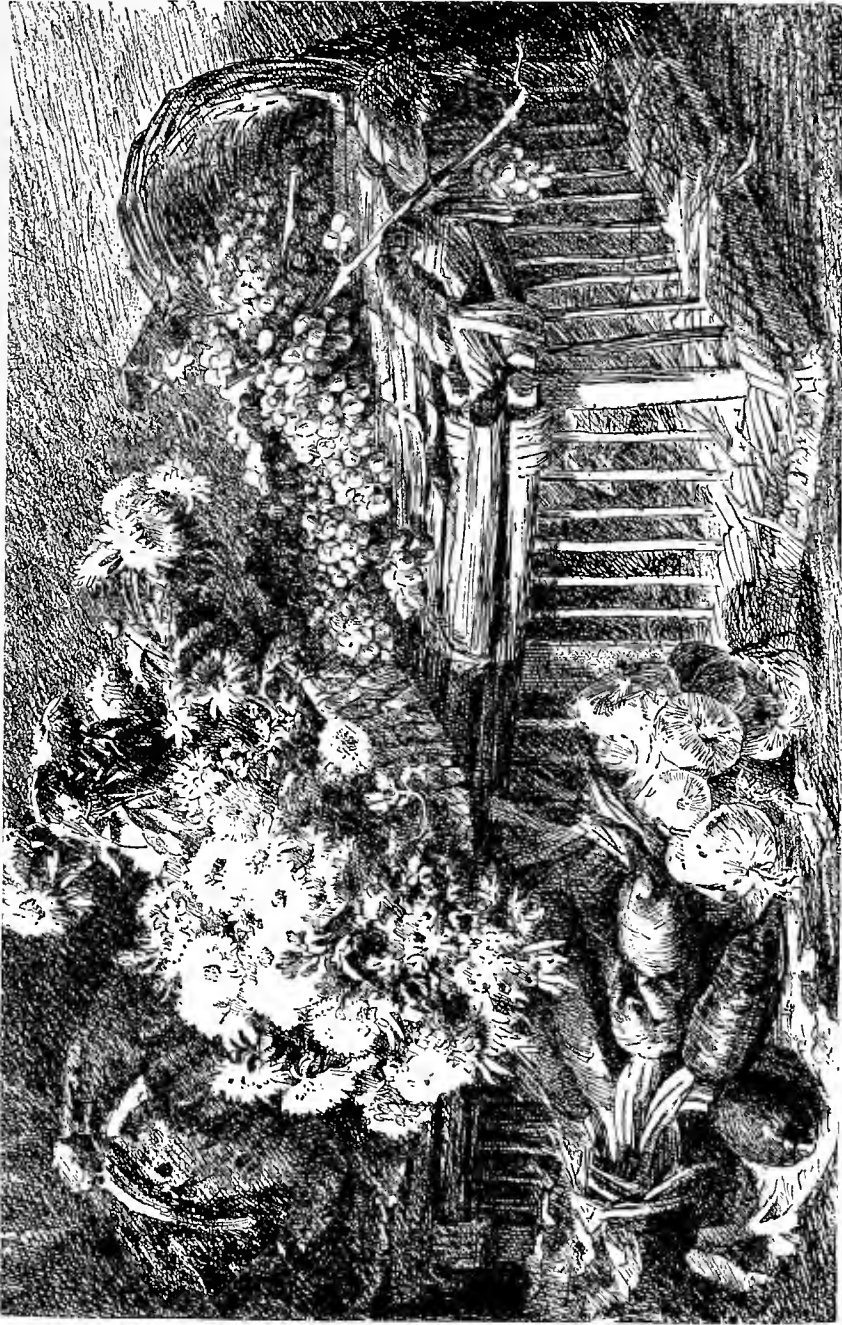
DESGOFFE (B.).—*Altar Service Twelfth Century.*

without bethinking them that beyond and above his mere cleverness is the æsthetic temperament—the forceful personality—which make him one of the true painters of the time.

M. Vollon seems to have given up—at least so far



JOURDEUIL (A.)—*Oriental Arms.*



TURNER (G.)—*Flowers, Fruits, and Vegetables.*

as public exhibitions are concerned—the kind of work which first gave him notoriety. No blame to him either, for, besides a portrait or two, he has given us some fine bits of landscape. M. Vollon, I say, has hung on the walls this year a very startling bit of color. His picture is framed in black, with a dark background, against which he has set a big pumpkin beside an iron pot and a brass saucepan. Never did canvas burst out in such a flame and sputter of dazzling tints! His great, overgrown, puffy, apoplectic pumpkin, gaudy with scarlet and orange, flames out in the darkness of the picture like a big fire-ball, and with its sharp and dominating contrast of tone, literally crushes out all the life of the thin and pallid works around it.

The whole thing is painted in bold, strong, and broad strokes, the color heavily worked in, but with all the dash and vigor of a first inspiration; as if the artist had borrowed the fiery zest of Frans Hal's portraits to apply it to still-life subjects.

A long series of other pictures—vegetables, fruit, flowers—crowd the alleys, rooms, and corridors of the gallery from washboard to cornice. And first let me set aside, once for all, the conventional sort of thing—the regular stock panel, with a spindly calico flower going to seed in a corpulent, *puttyish* jar. There are shoals of them in the exhibition this year, signed, usually in vermilion lettering, by Mr. So-and-So, or, rather, Mrs. So-and-So, for it is generally women that take most kindly to this class of work, but of the whole crowd only three merit special notice: Mlle. Gonzalez, to be mentioned further on; Mme. Ayrton, whose canvases show the touch of a remarkably vigorous brush; and Mlle. Desbordes, who is equally large and strong in method. I have seen

poppies painted by her in good juicy color, and with incomparable boldness of touch. Lately, however, her handling seems to have lost somewhat of its masculine force.

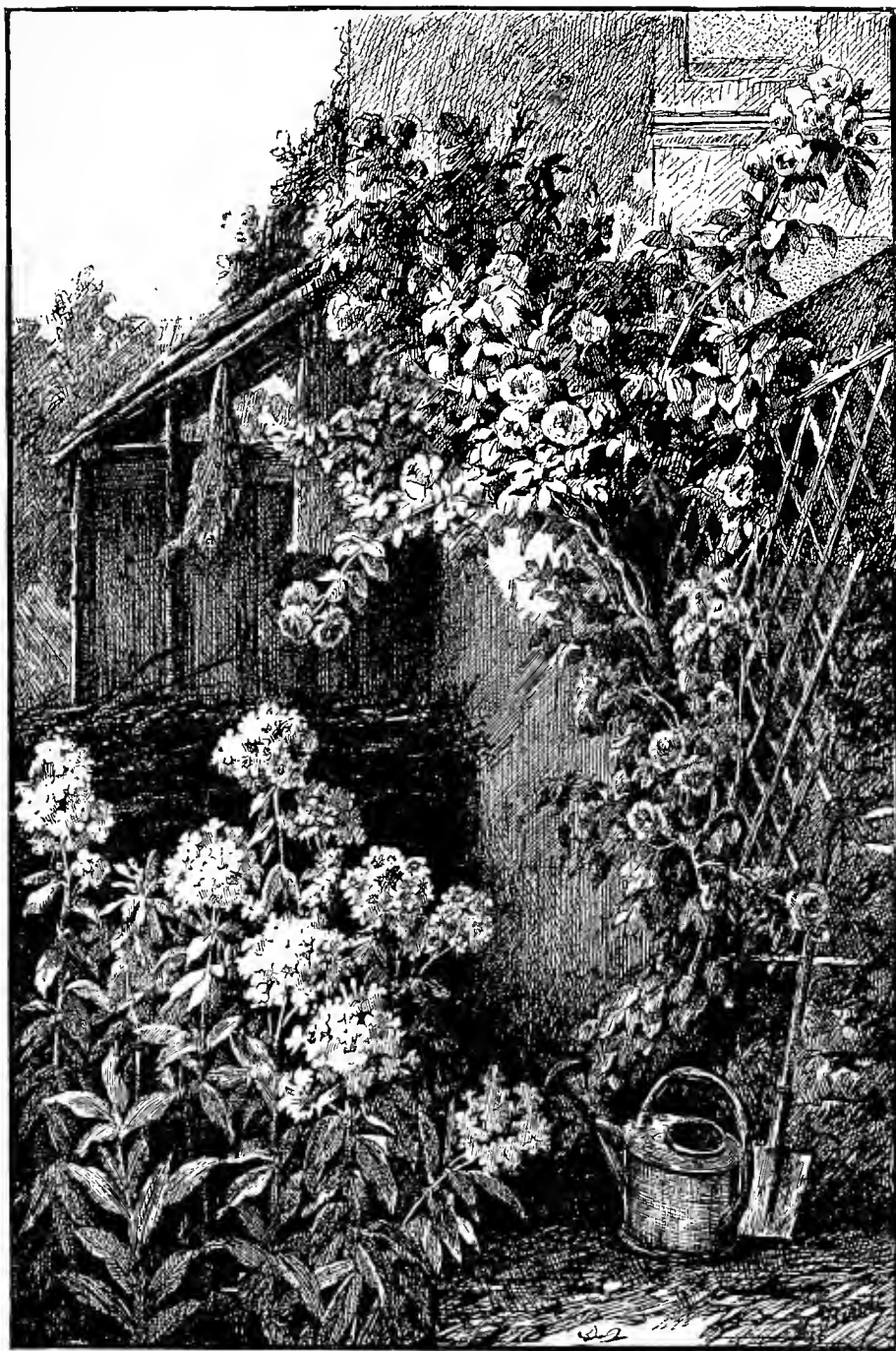
Her "Memory of the Absent" has for its conception a vase of flowers, which have taken to climbing and creeping over a map of the world, clustering particularly round the spot where the absent friend may be fancied to have touched in his wanderings.



ATTENDU (A. F.)—*Apples.*

The same pretentious suggestiveness in the matter of title appears again in other works; for instance, in one of M. Delanoy's. This time the artist gives us a regular riddle to guess—a sword stuck through an old book, on which stands a helmet. The answer to the conundrum lies in the title, "Force Superior to Justice."

The same artist gives us a large work entitled "Chardin's Cellar," an imprudent way of challenging our recollections of the master cited. For it must be said, that with all his consummate cleverness, his undeniable me-



BIVA (H.)—*A Corner in the Garden.*



PIERSON (MIL. B.)—Accessories of Dancing used in Japan.



Peint par L. Bonnat

Photogravure e Goupil & C^o

PRESIDENT GRÉVY.

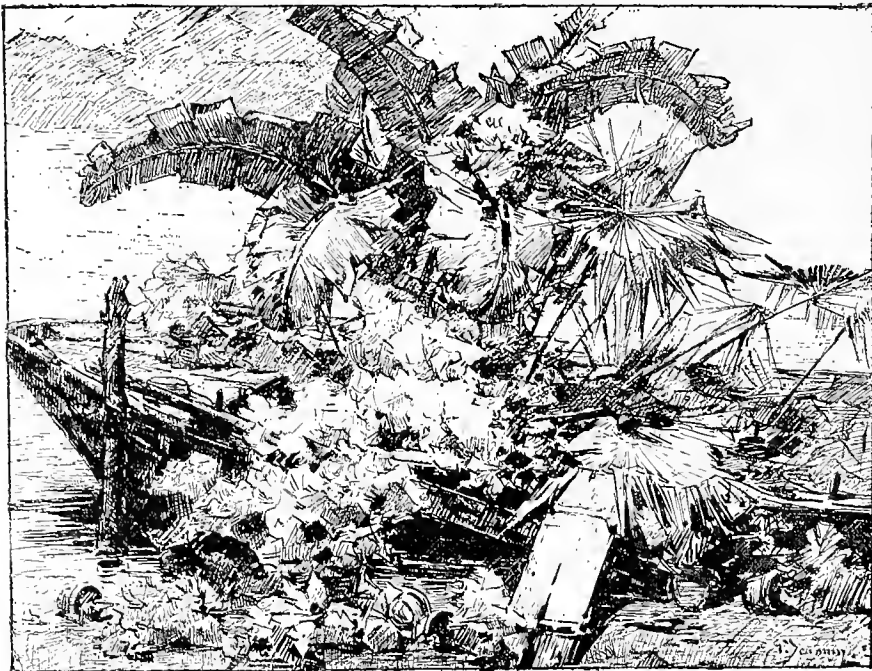
1873-1879.

chanical skill, M. Delanoy has here touched on a pretty well-worn string. There is a certain superficial and impersonal ease of execution about his work which is rather puzzling. His bottle, with the reflection of the window-frame, and his copper vessel are excellent, it is true; his big kettle, and the cask, with its bung-hole gaping in the shadow, are so real that you might touch them with your finger, so well does the painter understand all the tricks and devices of his art. But when animal or vegetable nature comes on the canvas, it is a very different thing. His leaves look as if they were cut out of sheet metal, and the big sunfish spread out in the centre is a flabby sort of creature, stuffed with oakum and covered with a pink and violet india-rubber casing. It was very ill-judged in M. Delanoy, as I said before, to put in his title the name of the artist who, in 1728, exhibited in the Place Dauphine the famous sunfish which now hangs in the Louvre.

Another painter, with a still more extraordinary method, is M. Martin. His picture, "The Curiosity Shop," is an oddity. Fancy a table covered with Oriental stuffs in fading tints of blue, pink, and green, embroidered with fantastic arabesques and flowers in gold and silver, and piled upon it a mass of water-jars, salvers, strings of beads, scimitars with inlaid hilts, nargiles, old silver-ware, dark in spots and again glittering in brilliant gleams under the rays of a hanging lantern, and at the left an amazing big-bellied jug, or glass demijohn, in which you see the reflection of the whole studio, *plus* the artist himself, seated with his back to us copying the trinkets displayed in the picture.

It is all very eccentric, but has real talent enough in it to carry it through. By closing the eyes a little, so as

to separate the different details, we can make them stand out in astounding relief. Moreover, M. Martin's peculiar bit of effect may, for all we know, be correct enough and true to reality, and, under the technical processes with which he is almost too conversant, we may catch gleams and hints of something like dawning individuality. Clearly the artist has a certain misleading skill, which makes it



JEANNIN (G.)—*Sending off the Flowers.*

worth while to take note of his name, in order to form a riper judgment when he exhibits his next work.

M. Jourdeuil is much more quiet in style, though he too has his collection of bric-à-brac—a whole armory of helmets, bucklers, sabres, and long guns, with damascened barrels and stocks thickest with stones, which glitter in relief against the gaudy spots and stripes of Asiatic stuffs. Here, however, the arrangement of the confused heap of



HAQUETTE (G.)—*Fishwoman of Dieppe.*



Peint par L. Bonnat

Photographe Goupil & Co

PRESIDENT GRÉVY.

AMÉRIQUE

jewelry and metal-work is a little too scientific and conscious; nothing but a miracle of gravitation and equipoise keeps it together. Logically, the guns which lie across the picture with their muzzles against the wall, must finally wind up by slipping and tumbling down, and then what would become of M. Jourdeuil's nicely scientific arrangement?

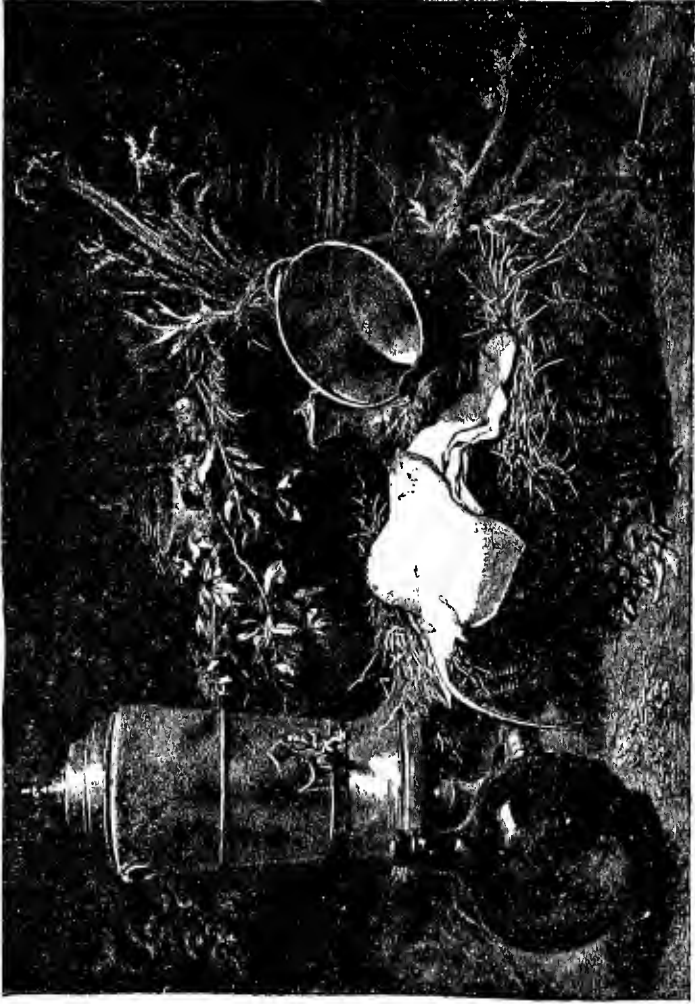
Mlle. Blanche Pierson gives us a somewhat similar picture, but simpler in composition. It shows a table piled with all the accessories of dancing as practised in Japan: guitars with long necks, set with keys, which remind us of the long hair-pins of the Japanese women; wooden masks with a terribly naturalistic expression of irony, pain, or pleasure; jars of blue porcelain with crimson flowers, imaginary or realistic, climbing over them; all carelessly and naturally grouped. The picture is, if I mistake not, the first work that Mlle. Pierson has exhibited. Though the execution is a little dry, it promises well for the future, unless, indeed, the artist should follow certain distinguished examples by turning to a different form of art and moulding real still-life objects out of clay, to be adorned with the same propriety of design and skill in color.

And now, after our scamper through the bazaars of the farther East, let us get back to France. It looks as if all the flower-stands and market-stalls in Paris had been carried bodily up to the Palais de l'Industrie, for the walls are hung from top to bottom with every form of fruit, flower, and vegetable, all blooming away together in serene disregard of weather or season. In one canvas, M. Thurner has heaped the greengrocers' stands with fruit and flowers, while his foreground swarms with kitchen vegetables — pale red carrots, and stringy, yellow-white

parsnips, and pallid, purple-spotted turnips. In another, M. Biva shows us a sunny garden-nook, with creeping, flowering vines clustering along the trellises, and masses of bloom swelling and bursting over the arbors, and showering down a rain of blossoms on the gravelled walks below; and all along the walls, flourishing in their native soil, or cut and grouped in jars and vases, the hot-house of the gallery overflows with poppy, lilac, and rose, any one's or every one's handiwork, not very well done, nor exactly ill either. One exception might be Mlle. Jeanne Gonzalez' geraniums, with their crimson petals bending and waving in something like real light and open air. Despite its unfavorable place in a corner of the corridor, the work strikes the attention with its amazing boldness and freedom. Also to be noted, though hardly for the same reason, is a picture conceived as follows: A revolver lying on a table beside an open letter, with a notice of the jury's refusal, this year, to receive this very picture. A scrap of paper, intended for a will, completes the story; an attempt at humor which some people call suggestive, and think clever. But if this is humor, what *isn't*? Painters, whatever they may be in their graver moods, are dreadful fellows when they unfortunately take a fancy to be funny.

No such reproach applies to M. Bergeret, but his fruit is waxy and unnatural; tempting to the flies, perhaps, but not to the skilled eye—painted in a rough and coarse method, without real strength and juicy quality.

M. Claude has long been known as a discreet and skilful artist. His contribution this year is a white cheese beside some tin curd-forms and a heap of poppies. There is some good genuine painting in it. There is a rich texture in his cut cheese, and some of his tin vessels are not



DELANOY (H. P.)—*Chardin's Cellar*.

bad, but the color is sadly sallow and dull. His poppies look as if they had been dragged through the mud, and their pink and red is of much the tinge of what malicious people call chilblain-red. Moreover, and I shall return to the question later, where does it all get its light? Are we in a cellar by the dim light of a bull's-eye, or in a milk shop with its every-day window-panes? It is hard to tell, in this case, as in most of the other bits of still life in the Salon—for example, in M. Attendu's "Valencia," an invoice of oranges, some unpacked, some still wrapped in tissue-paper, and set off by a pomegranate in a green jar; in M. Potémont's "Pansies;" in M. Quost's "Flower Girl," very cleverly painted,



BERGRET (D. P.)—*War, Art, Religion.*

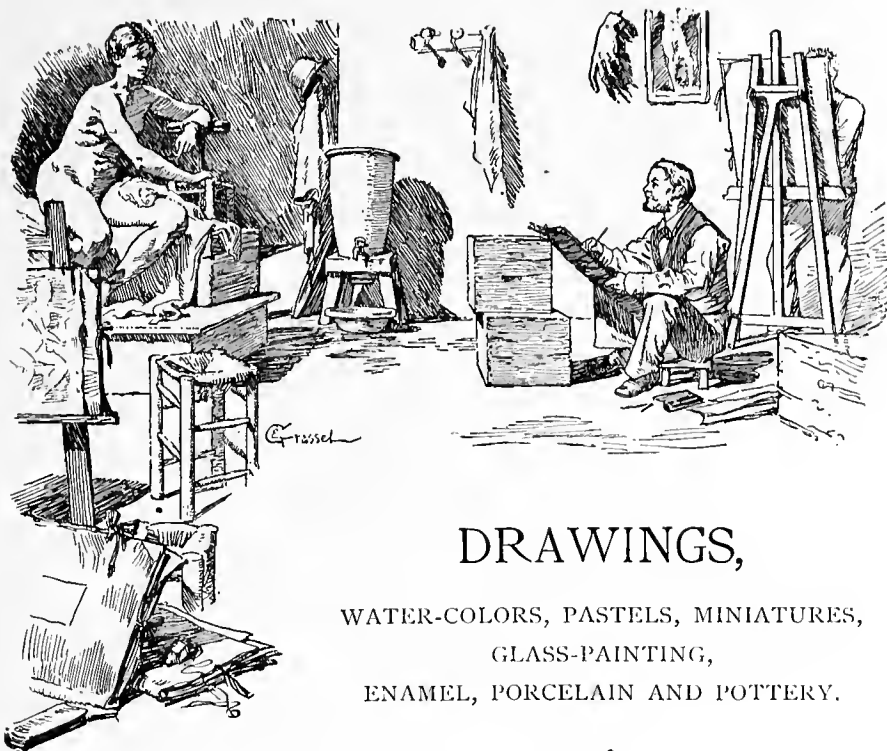
"Flower Girl," very cleverly painted,

and noticeable, with all its washed-out tints, for its Japanese vase, a sort of ware not usually seen on out-of-door flower-stands. Notice, too, M. Jeannin's "Sending off the Flowers," and M. Foret's "Fish," the last too hard and metallic. His blood-stained fish is terribly dry, and his dish of oysters very unappetizing; it lacks the right creamy iridescent tinge and pearly juiciness; not at all the right sort of fish diet to make an epicure's mouth water.

I very willingly pass over the works of M. Desgoffe. To my thinking they have nothing to do with real art, and while I recognize, as I said before, the cruel manual facility of most of this class of workmen, it is equally plain that they have not the remotest notion of getting out of the old ruts.

Where is the painter who has given us good out-of-door fruit in broad daylight? Where, indeed? They one and all stick to their old stock method of artificial light—their *chiaroscuro* and shadows, and dark backgrounds meant to set off the high light and bright colors of their trinkets or flowers—not a man of them seems inclined to go frankly straight at nature. Even in M. Volton's amazing bit of effect, even in M. Ribot's fine still-life pictures, we find the same unvaried and undue use of the old processes. Not to be hard on the old school, we may still declare, in the name of the new departure, that the old style methods have outlived their time, and it stands us in hand, at least, to avoid their tricks and devices. The Salon this year, to sum up, shows the utmost mechanical skill among the still-life painters; but I confess I could wish for a trifle less of mere cleverness and a little more genuine freshness and simplicity.

J. K. HUYSMANS.



DRAWINGS,

WATER-COLORS, PASTELS, MINIATURES,
GLASS-PAINTING,
ENAMEL, PORCELAIN AND POTTERY.



THAT there is increased activity in the above-mentioned art-branches is clear from the two or three thousand contributions this year, but the progress is not so evident. There are too many people of moderate ability, too few artists really worthy of the name; lots of copyists and imitators, but few of the creative artists—the only ones we greatly care for. When I say creative, I mean all those who bring a new element into the accepted methods of viewing and rendering nature.

This year, three great halls had been opened for the products of these different branches, and even in the galleries occupied by pictures, stands were set up in

the centre for the display of pottery, water-colors, or enamels. The general arrangement was unusually convenient, this year, for critics who had reports to make, as well as for visitors who wished to get a clear and accurate notion of the whole field.

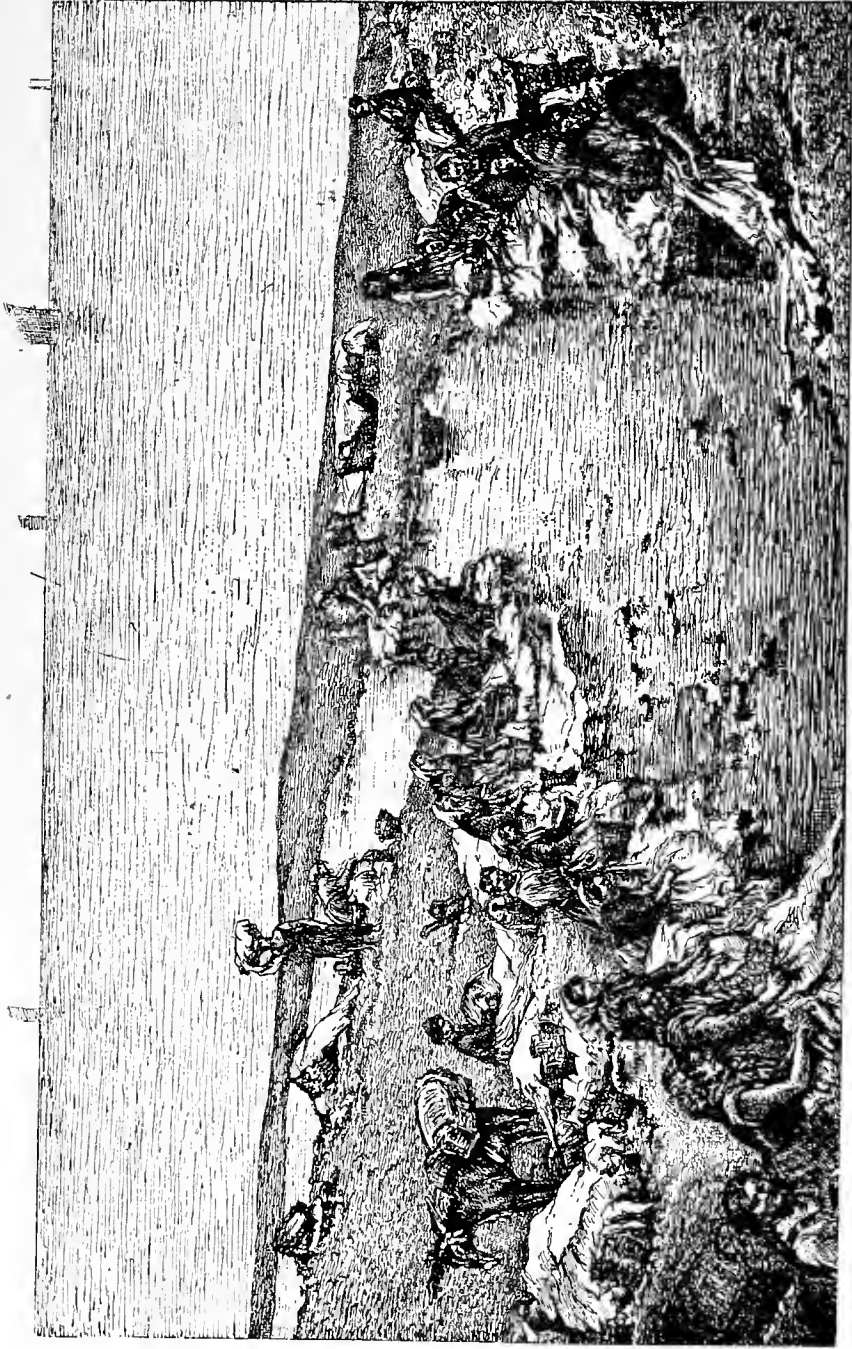
I must take a very hasty glance at the different contributions in this department. It would have been pleasant to give more extended examination and comment to the engravings; for in this line especially—if not exclusively—our artists show decided progress. But I must conform to the exigencies of my space, and confine myself to what I might call a *bird's-eye review*.

DRAWINGS.

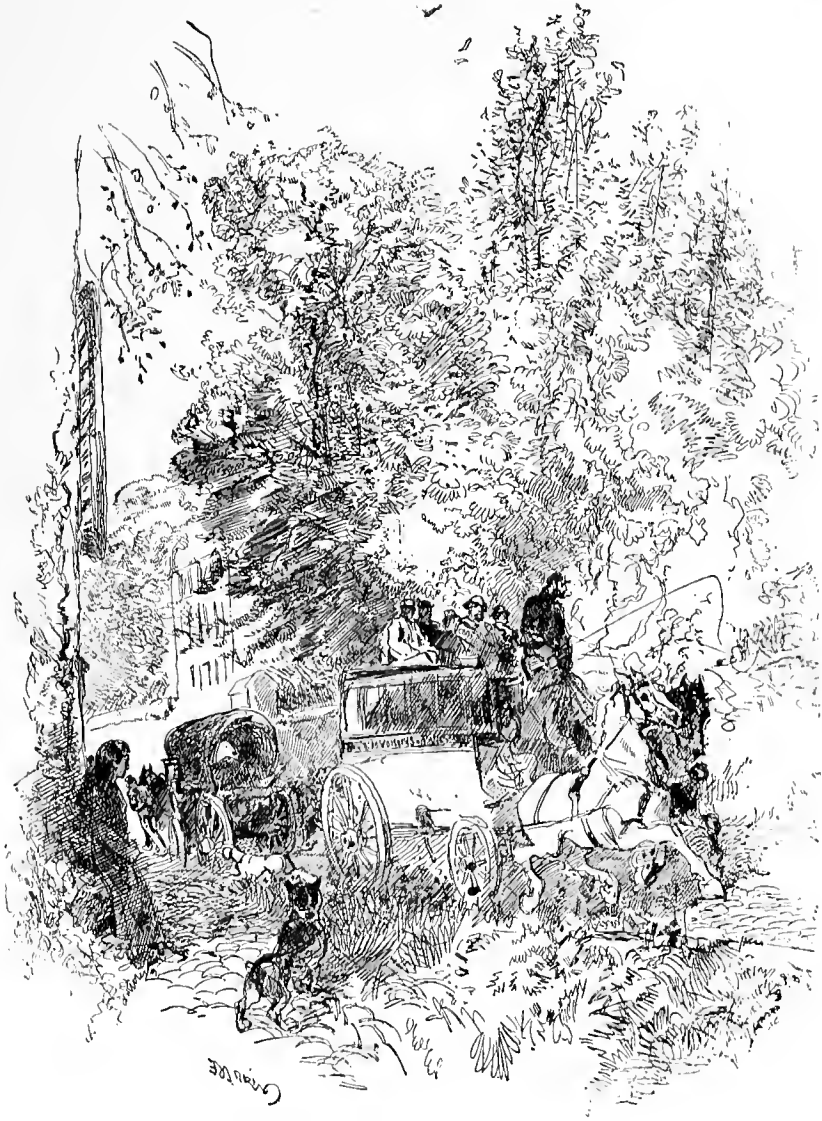
Our artists nowadays scarcely find time to make a study, in any one drawing, of a face, an attitude, or a garment, like the old masters. We might hunt in vain for pendants to the wonderful and admirable cartoons lately exhibited at the School of Fine Art, in which the Dutch and French painters of the eighteenth century carried off equal credit with the masters of the Roman or Florentine school.

Bida and Doré have sent us none of those masterly drawings of theirs, in which the pure thought forms so important an element, and Gustave Moreau, likewise, has failed to contribute. Fortunately we recognize the familiar hand of one master, Maxime Lalanne, whom I shall class in this department, though along with his drawings he gives us also charcoals and etchings.

Very vigorous are the set of twelve crayon drawings, with their souvenirs of travel in Holland, Brittany, Normandy, etc. Besides a picturesque view in Rotter-



BOETZEL (Ernest)—*Fishermen near the Mediterranean* (Crayon).



MORIN (E.)—*The Omnibus of Saint Maurice* (Water-Color).



Print par G. Deyer.

Enluminé par Conseil & Co.

THE INTERRUPTED READING

SAMUEL L. HALL, NEW YORK.

dam we have a street in Morlaix, very noteworthy in color, and a vigorous sketch of Trouville fishing-boats is offset by an exquisitely delicate little bit of landscape from the banks of the Morin.

The crayon of the "Ditches of the Castle of Neuvic" (in the Dordogne) is fine in coloring; the reflections of trees and buildings in the water are beautiful for their accuracy and clearness. There is a subtle charm in the play of light and air, and the ensemble is remarkably firm and vigorous.

As an aqua-fortist, M. Lalanne shows all his habitual dash and spirit in the execution of his two views at Amsterdam and Bordeaux.

M. Barrias gives us also some sketches of travel which are very interesting. The three drawings of scenes in the Pyrenees are very accurate, and the seven African subjects are drawn with a free and plastic pencil, very skilful in effects of air and light.

M. Jean Paul Laurens finds excellent occasion for his firm and solid touch in "Galeswinthe's Journey" and "Galeswinthe's Death." Very pleasing, too, are a couple of drawings from the same hand, entirely different in character, and meant for illustrations of the *Abbé Tigrane*—the work of his friend M. Ferdinand Favre.

In the two scenes from the story of Samson—"Samson and Dalilah," and "Samson Led in Chains to Gaza," M. Signol has given us a couple of compositions in which melodramatic style contrasts with coldness of execution.

M. E. Lansyer's studies entitled "Rustic Flora," representing twining vines, eglantine, thistles, etc., and intended as subjects for Gobelin tapestry, are elegant and refined in drawing.

M. Froment's compositions, "Apollo Captive," "Me-

dusa," and "Apollo Begging," are fine in character; with powerful coloring ranging through a wide scale of varied tone.

Two excellent portraits remain to be noted, one in black and red crayon, the other in red, by M. Lecomte du Nouy, and still more, five heads, very remarkable for style and expression, by M. Bellay. Two especially, a young girl, and a lad, are really masterly.

CHARCOALS.

We may cite here as two of the best charcoal drawings in the Salon, "The Newspaper," a clever bit of humor, by M. Brillouin, and a "Pond," by M. Allongé, admirable for its clear water and fine clumps of foliage.

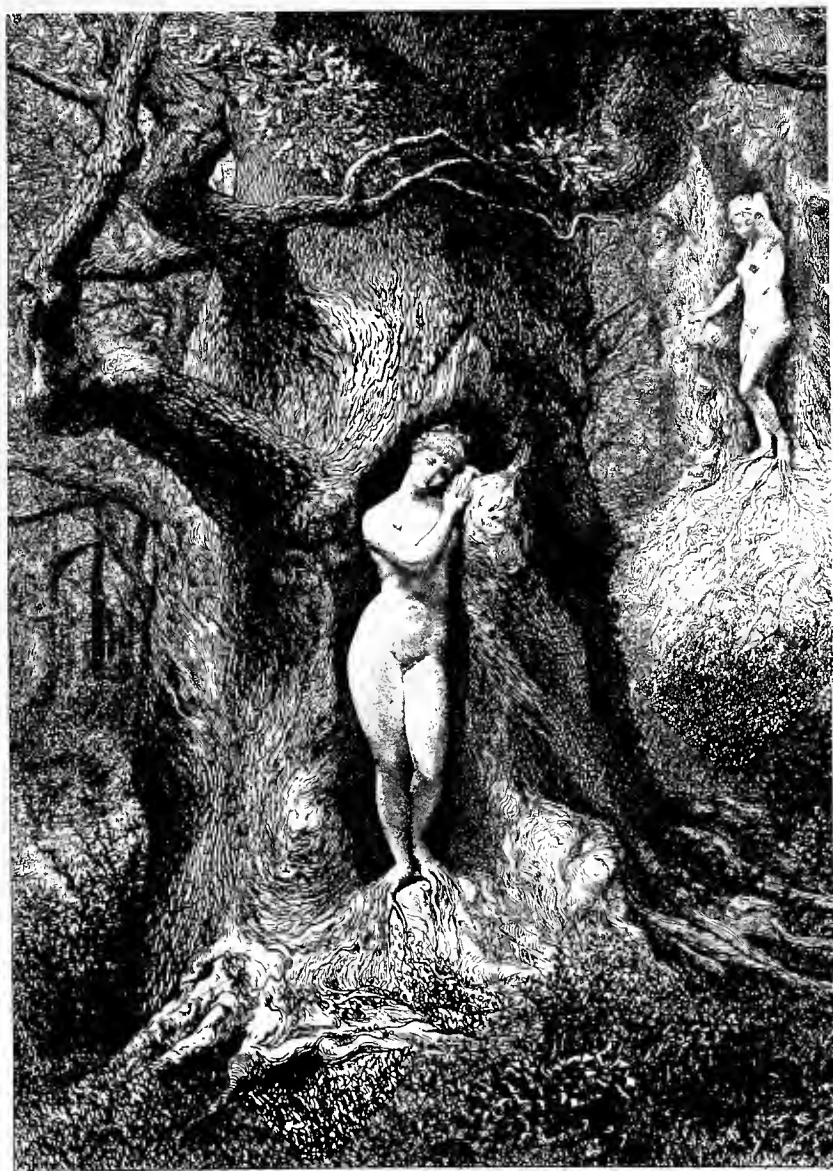
Besides these two artists, with their habitual skill and success in this department, much attention has been drawn to M. Courdonan's vigorous "Gulf of Napoule," near Cannes, the delicate detail of M. Appian's "Banks of the Rhine," the drawings of Messrs. Morin and Fraipont, and M. Boetzel's two subjects, "Washerwomen on the Mediterranean," and "Portrait of Mme. X——, of life size, in riding habit, and very good in style.

CARTOONS.

In default of Ingres and Flandrin, where, we may ask, are men like Chenavard and Maréchal de Metz? The whole department has little or nothing of interesting material, except the cartoons of M. Puvis de Chavannes, which have had their place among the compositions of allegoric art. There is merit, however, in M. Lorin's composition, "Surrendering the Keys," a design



FRAIPONT (G.)—*The Concert*, after Roybet (Lithograph).



POTÉMONT (M.)—*Hamadryades* (Engraving).

for stained glass, and another window subject, intended for the Church of St. Sauveur, at Verdun, by the same artist.

WATER-COLOR.

This department, in contrast with the preceding, shows a full list of representatives, in which the names of young women are especially frequent. The conventional courtesy conceded to the fair artists is less easy this time than usual, for with the exception of Mlle. Nélie Jacquemart, whose studies of the Abbey of Chaalis, and two views of Riom, are facile and pleasing, none of the others call for mention.

Among the men, the noted artists in water-color have almost all failed to exhibit, and we have nothing from Vibert, Worms, Detaille, Leloir, Chaplin, or Eugène Lami.

But Wyld, the mighty colorist, Tourny with his purity of modelling and sobriety of detail, Harpignies with his picturesque freedom of line, and Veyrassat with his luminous color and conscientious accuracy, are all left us, besides many others who give us, each after his own tendency, some interesting work.

Thus, M. Benouville's two views of Venice—"St. Mark's" and the "Island of San Giorgio Maggiore"—are marked by refinement, truth of tone, and elegance of line. M. Vidal's portraits have an almost dreamy delicacy and grace. M. Theodore Frère gives us his well-known Oriental scenes, with skies swimming in Syrian sunshine. M. Palizzi puts a great deal of humor into his "Reynard in the Poultry Yard," and M. Schlesinger gives clever and spirited drawings of the "Woman of Fashion" and "Indiscretion." Messrs. Ballu and Joseph Laurens

are accurate and true—the first in his views of Toledo, Tangiers, Algiers, and Tunis; the second in his “Pompeian Ruins” and scenes in Venice.

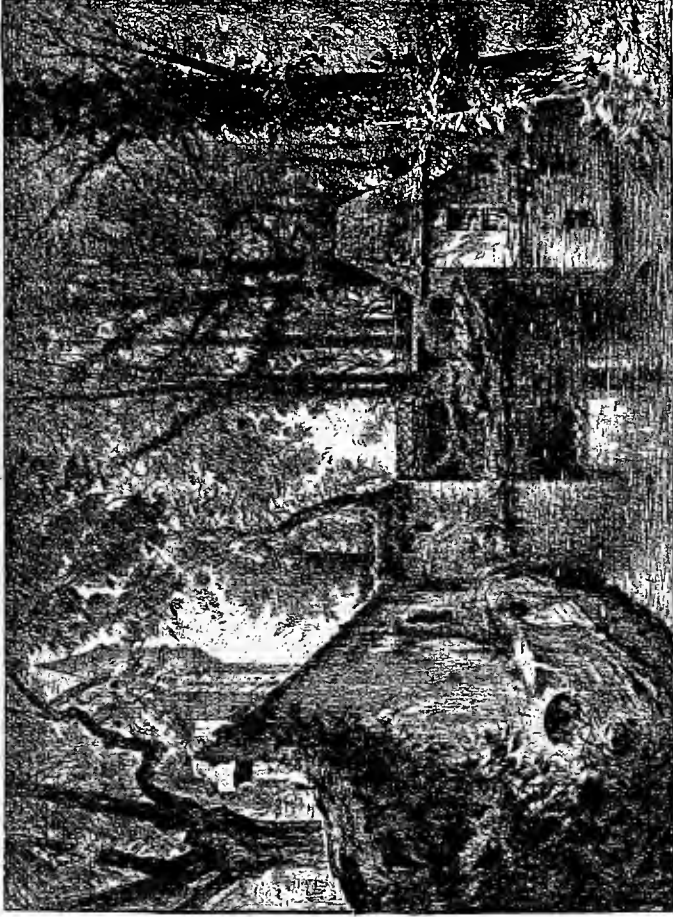
Messrs. Detaille (Charles), Cabasson, Ciceri (Eugène), Lepec, Filosa, Thienon, Herst, Jeannin, Jules Didier, Dubuffe *frs*, Gelibert, De Penne, Devilly, all deserve study for their interesting work. M. Ulmann, especially, claims careful examination for his large and handsome work, “Royal Session on Tuesday, June 23, 1789,” the sketch of a picture meant for the Chamber of Deputies. The artist is especially successful in the life and movement of his large compositions, which admit, and even call for, hundreds of figures at once.

PASTEL, GOUACHE, MINIATURE.

Under the title “The Earth,” M. Cazin exhibits a composition which is fine in sentiment and quite up to the mark of the notable works which earned him his first-class medal.

M. Galbrun draws with the breadth and assurance of a master. M. John Lewis Brown aims at fine color, and M. Saintin at delicate modelling. Mme. Eva Gonzalès gives us a “Bride’s-maid,” refined and aristocratic in feature, and fresh and sweet in the delicate rose-tint of the atmosphere. M. Quercier gives a very graceful drawing of a little girl, with silky blond hair and smiling face, the little arms and hands really delightful for their tender and supple modelling.

Messrs. Le Pic and Hugard and Mme. Coeffier merit attention, as well as M. Fantin Latour, with his sober composition entitled “Music,” where the Muse, having already graven in stone the names of Schumann, Berlioz,



LALANNE (M.)—*Moat of the Castle of Neuvic* (Charcoal-Drawing).



GOUVION SAINT-CYR (H. DE)—*Ophelia*.



Wagner, and I. Brahms, is just commencing the record of some other and more modern name.

Specially worthy of note are the *gouaches* of Mme. Émerie Bouvret and Mlle. Louise Lemaitre, and Messrs. Lewis Brown and Mery. Note among the miniatures those of Mmes. Monvoisin and Chevarrier, and M. Camino.

FAÏENCES, PORCELAINS, ENAMEL.

No specimens of very marked character. M. Ulysse Besnard, however, shows a certain individuality in his "Charles V. at Innsbruck." The other painters of faïence, Messrs. Quost, Edmond Castan, Michel Bousquet, Egoroff, etc., give us landscapes and still-life subjects very strong in tone and harmonious in coloring.

Of the porcelains, Mlle. Bricon's two portraits seemed to me to possess especial interest.

In the enamels, I have to note two pretty bits of portrait, again by Mlle. Bricon, and the Limoges enamels of M. Sieffert.

ENGRAVING AND LITHOGRAPH.

It would have been pleasant to devote to the works of our engravers the special study they deserve. All these works show a general improvement in scope and feeling: minuteness in detail no longer detracts from character.

Undoubtedly play of light, modelling, delicacy or breadth of line, all have their value, but the engraver's prime merit lies in giving the exact thought and spirit of the picture he reproduces. Our aqua-fortists, wood engravers, lithographers, and medallion engravers are all in a very hopeful way. Many of their plates are note-

worthy, either as faithful translations of masterpieces, as compositions, or as illustrations for books.

I have rarely seen anything better than M. Waltner's three engravings, "Love and Money," "The Gambler's Wife," "Harmony." The engraving is firm but wonderfully supple, the light strong and harmonious, and the vigor of the drawing only equalled by the purity of the line. "The Blue Boy" has all the good qualities of the preceding, and taken altogether they give M. Waltner first rank in the Salon of 1880.

Yet there is but one master who can give us such strong yet sober execution as M. Gaillard with his portrait of Leo XIII. Such special perfection is nothing new with this artist, and the study of his composition only gave me an additional pleasure, without an additional surprise, at its incomparable strength.

M. Danguin shows softness and delicacy of modelling and charming color in his fine copy from Mantegna, "Dancing and the Muses," which is intended for the Engraving Department of the Louvre. The same may be said of M. Alphonse Lamotte, in his copy from Murillo's "Assumption," engraved in cross-hatching.

M. Levasseur's two plates, "Thought," after Chapu, and "The First Interment," after Barrias, show accurate drawing and pure execution.

For delicacy of execution we may cite also M. Dubouchet's "Terpsichore" and M. Deveaux's "Portrait of Charles Garnier," both after Baudry.

M. Vion, in his "Elizabeth of France," and M. Boutelié, in his "Beatrice d'Este," after Leonardo da Vinci, are notable for lively color and play of light.

Mention is due to the plates of Messrs. Bertinol, Morse, Jacquet, Massart, Bellay, Boilvin, Redlich, Ballin,



BERTON (Adrien)—*Evening*.



Grand jeu Couder

Photographie Goupil & Co

MAY FLOWERS.

1877



MASSON (Bénédict)—*Spring*.

Chauvel, François, Franck, Dauman, Huot, Lural, Penel, Varin, Poncet, and a score of other engravers in dry-point, of an execution noticeable for different good qualities, but all excellent.

The etchers deserve like praise.

It would be impossible to throw into a work of art more exquisite feeling than M. Monziès in his "Sailor's Funeral at Villerville," or to give finer tone and strength than M. Courty in his reproduction of the "Ford of Mouthiers," after Van Marcke.

M. Valentin Fouquier, likewise, has achieved the most powerful effect in his "Boat," with the three figures engaged in launching it, as also in his "Cliffs at Bourg d'Ault."

Messrs. Lalauze and Toussaint are admirable for delicacy of interpretation, M. Leenhoff for firmness and precision, M. Gaujean for feeling, M. Louis Lucas for coloring, and M. Yon for poetic charm.

M. Potémont has ably rendered five original compositions by Fragonard, as illustrations for La Fontaine's Fables. Messrs. Teyssonnières, Ramus, Lhuillier, Rochebrune, Guillaumot, Delaunay, Greux, Beauverce, Champollion, Appian, Lerat and Peronard have entered the lists with their usual success, and, finally, M. Félix Buhot has illustrated Barbey d'Aureville's "Old Mistress" with equal spirit in composition and execution. Nor must I forget M. Rapine's remarkable etching from Luc-Olivier Merson's "Halt in Egypt," an admirable rendering of the impressive situation, and a fine effect of light which the painter seems to have chanced on in a moment of exceptional inspiration.

There are many fine things, too, among the wood engravings.

As illustrations for books or journals, there are "Michelet's Tomb," after Mercié. "Civic Courage" and "Faith," after Dubois, by M. Chapon, intended for the *Monde Illustré*; and nine very careful engravings for the *Monde Illustré* and *L'Art*, by M. Lepère, especially "Spring," after Defaux, very faithfully rendered, as well as "Orchestra Chairs," after Daumier.

M. Léon Rousseau has simply translated the "Birth of Venus," after Bouguereau: M. Langevin keeps, in his interpretation, the strong flavor of Guillemet's "Chaos of Villers;" and Messrs. Albert Bellanger, Charles Baude, Hildibrand, Voigt, Lavieille and Trichon all merit special mention.

In conclusion I must do justice to the admirable delicacy of line shown by M. Puyplat in his "Boabdil's Helmet;" fineness of detail can no further go.

Our engravers in medallion and gem keep well in the front rank of the great forward movement in their art. For a proof of this we need only refer to the clever individuality of the fine medallions by Messrs. Daniel Dupuis and Degeorge.

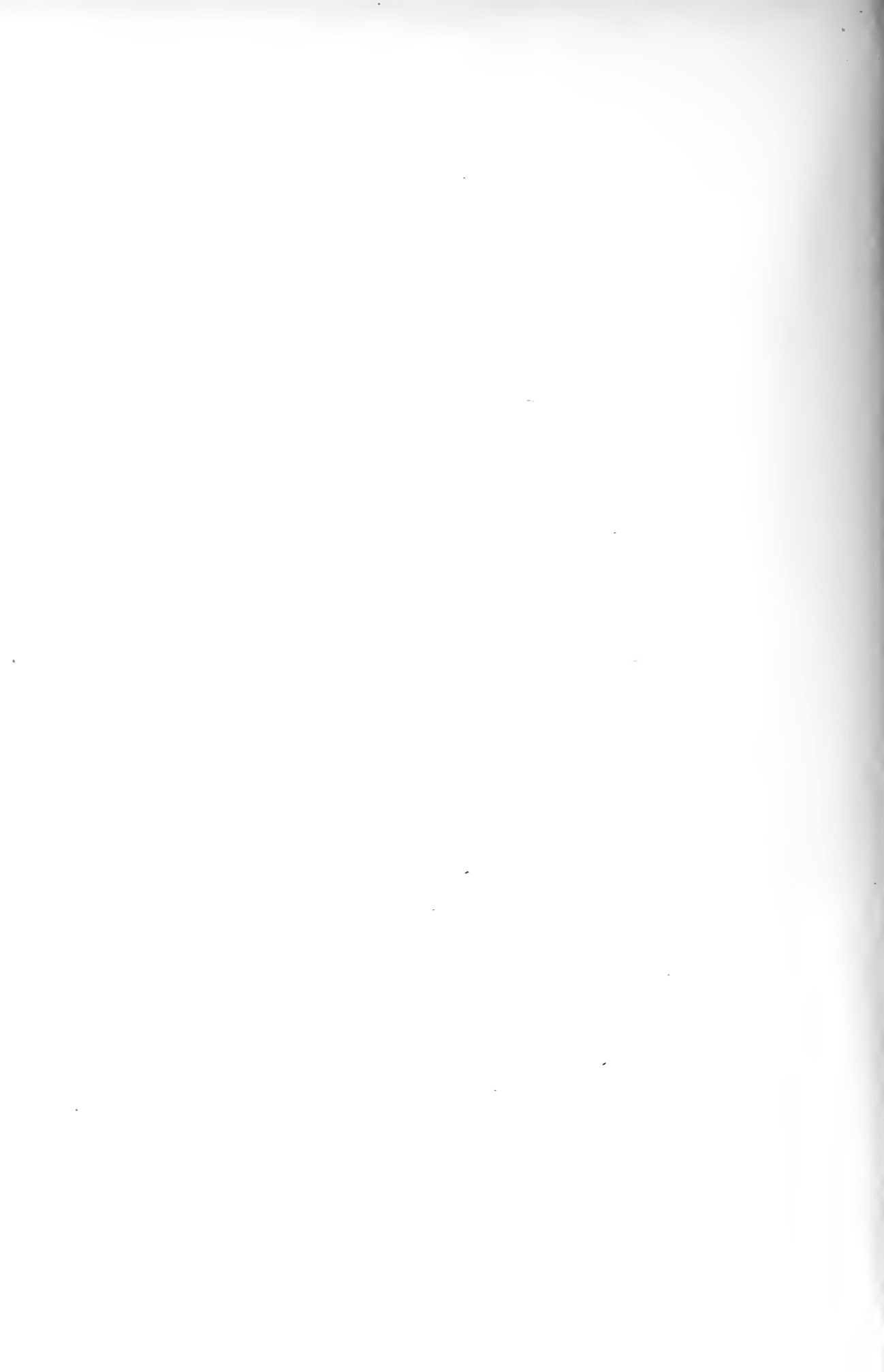
M. Galbrunner's cameos in onyx: the "Venus Rising from the Waves," an agate cameo by M. François, and a "Bacchante," in sardonyx in triple layer, by M. Schulz, are the finest specimens in this department exhibited this year.

Unstinted praise may be given to M. Levillain's large bas-relief in bronze, silvered, representing scenes from the legend of Bacchus; and mention is due to the medallions of Messrs. Heller and Tasset.

One word of congratulation to Messrs. Emile Vernier, Letoulla, and Greillet, who stand this year in the front rank among the lithographers, and then I must unwill-



LAUGÉE (D. F.)—*Friend of the Poor.*

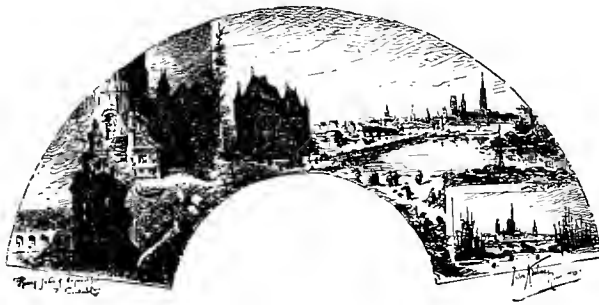




MASSON (Bénédict)—*The Adulteress.*

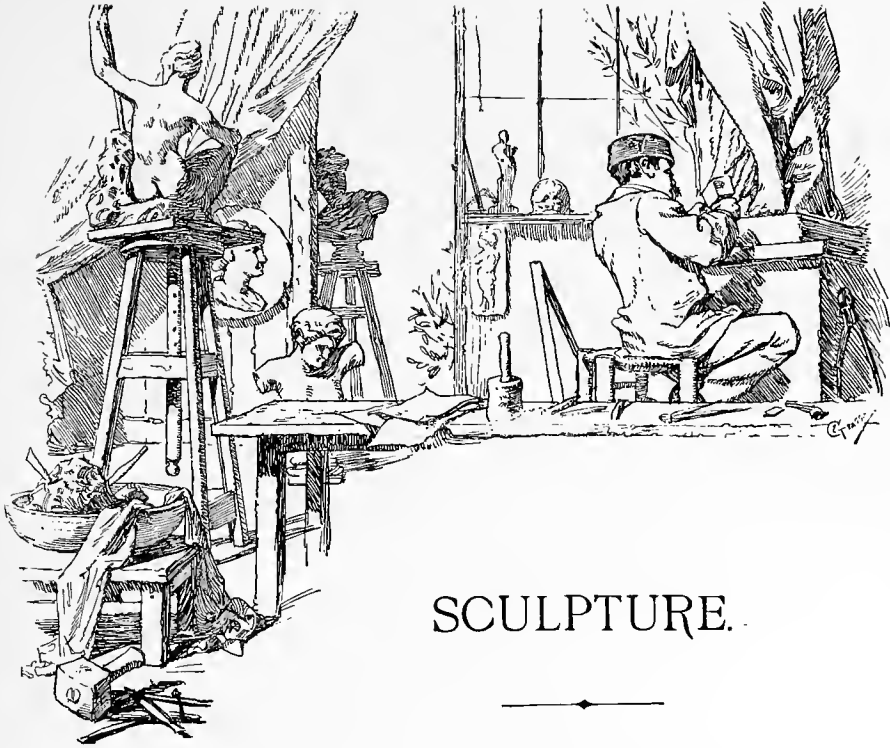
ingly close my too brief review of the minor sections of the Salon, interesting as they are with manifold original and charming works.

FÉLIX JAHYER.





NANTEUIL (P.)—*Education of Saint Louis.*



SCULPTURE.



FOURQUET.—Cliché.

EVERY one remembers Gavarni's quaint and expressive comment scribbled beneath a drawing of the *bal de l'Opera*, "Just to think that all those creatures eat and drink! What a queer notion it gives you of mankind!" When we look down from the galleries of the palace over the whole range of the vast nave crowded with its speechless and motionless population of statues, busts, and groups, in plaster, marble, or bronze, of all shapes and sizes, from the miniature to the colossal, somewhat the same reflection is apt to suggest itself—What a queer notion it all gives you of sculpture and sculptors!

In presence of the almost countless array of pictures which line the walls of the thirty-six rooms and galleries of the palace, you wonder with a certain bewilderment what is ever to be done with such a mass of painted canvas. A kindly anxiety, but a trifle unsophisticated. Bad or commonplace as the most of them are, all, sooner or later, by hook or by crook, will find their market. The speculator just come to affluence by one of those favoring gales which blow round the Stock Exchange "corner," and anxious to form a gallery of art, or hand down his own features, recorded on canvas, to his heirs—*or* his creditors; the prosperous *demi-mondaine*, promoted from the slums of the Quartier Bréda to the dignity of a private residence in the Parc de Monceaux or an *entresol* in the Champs Elysées, and eager to match the garish and motley company which throngs her rooms, with equally garish and motley decoration—such buyers as these evidently take less counsel of sound and judicious criticism than of fashion, vanity, and their own bad taste. But sculpture finds few or none such indiscriminating patrons—her worshippers are almost without exception platonic. Shunned by the wealthy vulgar, she sells her wares in general to the State, too often at a merely nominal price, bearing no proportion to the amount of talent, labor, and self-denial which they cost. Yet, spite of all this, spite of the disheartening prospect of bitter, if not hopeless, struggle, of hard, unremitting, repulsive toil, of profound discouragement and wearing privation, she still has her throngs of votaries, their souls warmed with the sacred fire, filled with the passion for art, feeding on it, living for it, and ready, if need be, to die for it. It is always with a deep feeling of respect and genuine admiration that we make our way through the immense hall, with its



BOISSEAU (E.)—*The Genius of Evil.*



Photographie - v. 10 p. 14

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EVENING

1887

crowded ranks of works of sculpture, each year a continually succeeding credit to our national school of art, but a weariness and a mystery to the uninitiate and careless multitude. By an odd inconsistency, the general public least fancies precisely the branch of art for which the French school has the most fitness, in which it produces works of lofty and abiding value, and beyond all comparison outstrips all rival schools of the period; and when we draw comparisons between the painters and the sculptors of our own time and nation, we are fain to recognize that the latter are far in advance.

Yet the social and moral conditions of our day are more favorable to the former. Sculpture has a narrow field of study, and limited methods and elements of execution. Its sole aim is to idealize the living form. It has to struggle without surcease against the influence of our education, which, in the words of Charles Blanc, has taught us to look askant at the fair forms of ideal art, as demons, not divinities, and in what should be their elevating and purifying lesson to see only the spirit of evil and depravation. It has to contend, as well, with the radical ignorance in which we have been left to grope, during the whole period from paganism to the present, as to the very meaning of this noble art. Yet in this regard, it would seem, we may note some progress. The general indifference to sculpture and its productions is no longer so dense or so contemptuous as of old time. Within the last few years a certain revival has come to pass in the French school, through the advent of a group of young, talented, and original artists, drawing from the great masters of Italy an inspiration which has borne fruit in their own fresh and strong work. Their coming has been hailed with enthusiasm by technicians and critics alike,

and public interest and sympathy has in some measure kept pace with that of the profession. While this interest hardly reaches the point of studious or critical observation, it is marked by a good-will and an eager curiosity which must sooner or later react on the public taste, and exercise a forming and developing influence on our general impressions and views in matters æsthetic.

In our rapid review, we shall, for greater simplicity, classify the sculptors in this year's Salon under three general heads: those who have set themselves especially to study the ideal element in the human figure; those who have been most intent on the perfection of specific line and contour; and finally those who have modelled directly from the individual—in portrait statues or busts. All three have exhibited works of genuine artistic merit, excellent material for study, and always talented, if sometimes a little less than inspired.

Among the works of the first class, M. Lefevre's "Youth," M. Falguière's "Eve," M. Suchetet's "Biblis," M. Paris's "Orpheus and Eurydice," M. Louis Lefèvre's "Early Joys" and "Thought" and M. Longepied's "Fisherman Bringing up the Head of Orpheus," have most attracted the attention of the public and the critics, in virtue of their own merits or the name of the artists. M. Lefevre, year before last, won the Florence prize, offered by the journal *l'Art*, with the model of the first on our list. There was but one feeling of surprise and admiration for the exquisite grace and suave beauty of the nude girlish figure, in the first dawning of youth and love, leaning against a tree, with the right arm folded back under the left cheek, in an attitude of careless ease, while with the other she gently raises the flowing hair from her pure maidenly brow. It has been executed in



HUGOULIN (E.)—Charlotte Corday.

marble this year, and, under the chisel, has lost nothing of its vigorous modelling and youthful charms. The attitude is still as graceful as lithe, and the fair young form, in the marble, seems wrapped in a vesture of more utter delicacy and purity than in the clay. There are, in the work, some bits of superb execution, some modelling of an unaffected symmetry which attains its result without betraying study and effort. In this regard the execution of the legs has won the approval of the most exacting connoisseurs. Some critics have alleged a certain weakness in the head and face. To those who insist on cold and majestic symmetry of feature in sculpture, even in a girlish face, some details of the statue may seem open to objection. To those of us, however, who are not averse to a certain variety of facial expression, so long as it does not reach that point of sharp or dramatic delineation where it invades the domain of the picturesque, such traits of expression will form no ground of blame, and we shall not quarrel with the artist for the tone of dreamy innocence and girlish simplicity which he has thrown into his statue. The work has been bought by the Fine Arts Department of the Government, and will find its rightful place at the Luxembourg.

M. Falguière's "Eve" is very similar in conception, feeling, and general line of composition. The mother of our race stands by a tree, round whose trunk is coiled the Tempter in the form of a shy and simple lizard, too timid to put forth his head toward the woman he is to mislead to the fatal act of sinful appetite. In striving to mark the character of unsophistication in the features, the artist has made her a trifle stiff and conventional, a serious defect in a work where exact proportion, grace and vigor of form, eloquence and simplicity of attitude must

do all the work of expression and idealization, without the convenient aid of garment or drapery to veil abnormal or displeasing features, or gloss over errors of nature or slips of the chisel. But with this limitation, it should be said that the execution is clever in the extreme, and if the new work adds little to the reputation which the artist had won with his "Victor in the Cock-fight," neither does it fall below his mark.

In conferring on M. Suchetet the Salon prize and a second-class medal, the jury has had the approbation of



MOREAU VAUTHIER.—*Love Captive.*

artists and critics alike, and by its continued interest in M. Suchetet's very original bit of work, the public has amply endorsed the verdict. The artist, hitherto unknown, and still a student at the École des Beaux Arts, makes his début with this statue, and a very remarkable, not to say triumphant, début it is. His "Metamorphosis of Biblis" is notable for severe simplicity of execution, combined with very noble and charming poetic feeling. The fair and hap-

less nymph who pined for Caunus' love is represented reclining on her right side, the head resting on the right arm, the hands loosely folded and the legs crossed. At the request of the Naiads, Morpheus has sent sweet and quiet slumber to soothe her bitter grief, and the lethargy which



LONGEPID (L. E.)—*Fisherman Bringing up the Head of Orpheus.*

heralds her approaching transformation steepers her weary limbs in gentle languor. The whole poetry and grace of the old fable are rendered with very picturesque charm and truth of expression. The execution is surprising for so young an artist. The beauty of form is enhanced by an amazing fluency of line and contour, which lends a delightful symmetry and harmony to every detail. The thighs, abdomen and arms are especially noteworthy for their exceptional perfection of modelling; the marble *Biblis* is beyond comparison fairer and more poetic than her namesake by Dupaty, at the Louvre,—a lusty Flemish wench, reclining on the grass in an attitude far more fitting for a Danae than for the poor lovelorn nymph of the fable. By his success in this, his first effort, M. Suchetet is estopped from doing less well hereafter. It is not permitted him to nod over his laurels, or to lose his head at the chorus of praise his statue has called forth. In his sojourn in Florence let him carefully study the great Tuscan masters, and put zeal into his work. So notable a *début* warrants large claims on his future achievement.

In the competition for the Florence prize, M. Suchetet had a dangerous rival in M. Paris, with his group—“*Orpheus and Eurydice*.” This composition, though highly interesting, and amply good enough to justify the artist in competing for a prize so creditable and advantageous to young sculptors, is still palpably inferior to the “*Biblis*.” It shows less real art, less simplicity, and more academic pretentiousness. Its faults are not those faults of hopeful presage which we are willing enough to see in young artists, and even, may be, prefer to merits which preclude the assumption of originality and the overflow of youthful vitality. The composition of the group shows too anxious adherence to the rules of a technical

precision: it is accurate to a degree of coldness, and oppressive in its studied display of knowledge. An exception, however, should be made for the figure of Eurydice, which shows invention and a feeling for the picturesque. The gradual metamorphosis of the fair and tenderly worshipped creature of the poet's love into a new and different being, already fading and fainting from his anxious gaze, is very subtly and happily indicated. Death seems already spreading his funereal veil over her graceful form and stealing it away in his mysterious but rapid flight. To the interpretation of his thought the artist has brought a touch of real inspiration; this part of the group is far the best, and interests by the boldness and originality of the effect at which it aims. These merits have been fittingly recognized by the jury with a second medal, an earnest of expectations from this enterprising young artist which we hope to see realized next year in another work as good, or better.

M. Louis Lefèvre must be ranked among the artists of our first division for his group of "Early Joys" and his statue of "Thought." In the former, the artist clearly cared less for exact characterization and suggestive rendering of the graceful and picturesque thought indicated in his title, than for the delineation of youthful contour in all its delicate grace and lithe energy. The interest of the work centres on the torso of the young girl, resting on her mother's lap and playing with an infant—a bit of first-rate work, artistically executed and powerful in modelling. It is a pity that the artist, doubtless from haste and pressure of time, was not able to give sufficient care and thought to the elaboration of the woman's bust, which lacks beauty and vigor. The face, without being exactly commonplace, is not very pure in line, and has no great

truth of maternal feeling in its expression. These, however, are matters of detail, important, to be sure, but capable of amendment when the statue comes to be executed in marble. It is pleasant to see in marble, this year, and very well executed, too, the "Thought," which appeared in the Salon of 1878 in plaster, and which has lost nothing in its transformation.

M. Longepied also sends an interesting contribution—a fisherman, bracing himself on two sturdy legs as he hauls in his nets—which is very vigorously modelled. The muscles stand out boldly under the pliant and lifelike flesh, and as a study of the nude the work is excellent. Too much pains, however, has been spent in giving force and dignity to the expression of terror in the face at sight of the bleeding head brought up by the net. Neither plaster nor marble is fitted for the delineation of human passions—terror, joy, or suffering. If M. Longepied had made the face of his statue calm and severe, or even indifferent, without impairing its manly beauty, the work, in plastic regards, would have been only the gainer, and instead of being merely moderately good, as it is now, would rate as one of high excellence and artistic value. In sculpture, facial expression—the effort to render individual character—is a heresy and a stumbling-block. With some allowance for slight shades of expression, all the fine works of the greatest masters, in classic antiquity as in mediæval France and the Italy of the Renaissance, are simply idealizations of the human figure quite void of any attempt at indication of character or emotion. Sculpture must carefully shun the domain of painting, and it is a sign of weakness and decline when the taste for the picturesque, the interest in some presumable story to be told, overshadows the feeling for the simply beautiful—the representation of

form for its own sake. So, M. d'Epinay's "Spartan Boy," spite of its meritorious execution, is not a good bit of sculpture. The mind feels only repugnance at sight of the figure, writhing in the clutch of the beast whose fangs are lacerating his flesh, and the face with its dumb expression of torture. Painting might render these emotions properly; in marble they degenerate into a mere petrified



BECQUET.—*Faun Playing with a Panther.*

grimace, neither human, nor normal, nor beautiful. Look, too, at M. Doineau's statue of "Twilight," with the nude figures of children, sleepily rubbing their eyes, at the base. By the very attempt to give them a certain humorous expression he has made them cheap and commonplace, and by just so much detracted from the æsthetic value—the *accent*—of the delicately outlined figure which floats above, star-crowned and cloud-enthroned. To these simple rules of æsthetics

our younger sculptors seem to give little heed. Spite of their superior talent in execution, their mastery and firmness in chiselling and modelling, we prefer the more modest works of other men who show a stronger conviction of the principles we have mentioned. Such are the "Giotto" of M. Louis Moreau; the "Ricochet" of M. Vital Cornu; M. Becquet's "Faun and Panther;" M. Doineau's "Genius of Evil;" M. Gauvez's "Flora and



Ringel
1876

RINGEL (D.)—*The Rakoczy March.*

Ceres;" M. Rodin's "St. John" and "The Brazen Age," two good and powerful studies; M. Barrau's "French Poetry," a very interesting group; and M. Carlier's "Gilliat." "Let the Bœotians," cried Alcibiades, "puff and blow with their flutes and hautboys, as they know no art of speech; we Athenians will have nothing to do with an instrument which stops our mouths and distorts our faces." An excellent hint which M. Marquet de Vasselot neglected when, in designing his "Poveretto," he stuck a hautboy on the face, to the utter detriment of its symmetry and beauty. Future reflection, it may be hoped, will dictate a happier choice of subjects, simpler, and, above all, more plastic.

M. Chapu's "Genius of Immortality," in plaster, designed for the tomb of Jean Reynaud, is with all its incontestable merit, still far inferior to his "Youth," on the monument of Regnault, and his "History," on the tomb of Madame d'Agoult, both in the same line of composition and feeling. In this figure the artist has tried to give plastic expression and allegoric embodiment to a philosophic and moral abstraction, with the result of leaving the thought vague and obscure, spite of all the pains he seems to have taken to lend a charm to the symbol. Instead of this lank Genius, with its attenuated lines of torso and limbs, with its supposed lesson of supreme truth—the destiny of the human soul—we should have gladly welcomed simply a beautiful human figure, gracefully posed in a way to make the most of all its merits in vigor, suppleness, and strength. Has not beauty its own expression, eloquence, philosophy, and morality? And how could it be out of place on the tomb of a thinker so delicate, yet so profound, with a heart so warm and a soul so pure and noble as the author of "Earth and Heaven"?

It is not the sculptor's part to take the chair of the philosopher or the pen of the *littérateur*. Their function is different; let each stick to his own, and then—but our moral threatens to end in an impertinence; so, let us say,—and then all will go well in all departments. In this regard M. Chapu has clearly been at fault.

While a certain number of sculptors of the day, already known as masters in their line, have taken a whim to make



DELOYE (G.)—*Psyché*.

inroads—and very successful ones—into the province of painting, some of the painters, in turn, have been seized with a correspondent desire—likewise justified by very creditable success—to try their hands at sculpture. It will be remembered that M. Gérôme, at the Trocadero, three years ago, exhibited a group representing the “Victorious Gladiator,” identical with the principal figures of his picture “Pollice Verso.”

Gustave Doré, also, has exhibited, at different Salons, statues and groups which have had some success; such as “Fate and Love,” “Glory,” etc. He sends this year a “Madonna,” in plaster, which has originality and a good deal of religious feeling. The Virgin, her head crowned with the sacred aureole, and the long folds of her robe draped majestically about her figure, stands holding to her bosom the form of the Infant Jesus, which, in an attitude of languid repose, with outspread arms forms the sign of the cross.



Peint par Diezou.

Photomécanique Goussier & Co.

MELP!

The idea is plastic as well as graceful, and the Virgin's face is beautiful in its gentle calmness. The group is harmonious in composition, and the drapery large and ample in treatment. The third-class medal awarded this composition was no more than it fully deserved.

M. Lançon's group, which won a first-class medal, palpably belongs to the class of work we have been discussing, in view of its evident attempt at sentiment and dramatic expression. Unfortunately, by an ill-luck not uncommon in similar cases, this is precisely the weak side of the work, and the one which calls for criticism. The composition is not happy in its invention, and does not tell the story of the drama with sufficient clearness. Has Judith already struck Holofernes, or is she in act to strike? Are we to take her face as expressing terror, anxiety, rage, or the heroic firmness which Scripture records to the honor of the Hebrew heroine? All these questions occur at once to the spectator's mind, with little chance of settlement or agreement. But the execution is excellent, and indicates solid and vigorous talent in the artist. Several bits are especially skilful and characteristic in style, *e.g.* the bust in the figure of Judith and the drooping arm of Holofernes. The same praise and blame attach to M. Aubé's "War." The group is full of breadth, motion, and energetic life. Looked at in its general outlines, it gives us the whole attitude and movement of war—savage, furious, and pitiless—*matribus detestata*. But a careful examination of detail, a close study of the character of the personification, leaves us less satisfied. The face is not merely brutal, but hideous, and the draperies are the creation of a fantastic picturesqueness, out of harmony with the severe treatment needed for so large a theme. M. Aizelin's "Mignon" is a work

of great delicacy and youthful charm. Mignon sits on a low seat with her mandolin at her feet, dreamily gazing off toward the horizon, as if in melancholy yearning for her distant home. The outlines are very pure, and the drapery, veiling yet suggesting the grace and vigor of the figure, is at once decorative and simple. The work is highly creditable to the artist, whose valuable contributions have claimed our admiration in previous Salons. M. Chatrousse's "Reading" is a surprise as coming from an artist usually so vigorous yet self-contained. The figure is commonplace, and pervaded with a certain mincing and insipid affectation, which should be grace, but is not. Much better is M. Lenoir's "Rest;" M. Lombard's "St. Cecilia," a charming, ingenious, and spicy reminiscence of the Florentine bas-relief; M. Plée's "Cyparysse;" M. Deloye's "Psyche;" M. Marioton's "Love;" and M. Allouard's "Marguerite."

For the end of our examination of this class of works we have kept M. de Saint-Marceau's "Harlequin," which may be viewed as *the* sympathetic work of its class in the Salon, and as most completely comprising the good qualities, and indeed the whole character, of this line of sculpture, marked, as it is, by the almost exclusive effort for picturesqueness and fanciful cleverness. If ever there was a work of personal and original stamp, we have it here. The most erudite amateur might rack his memory in vain to find in all the productions of all the schools anything in composition and character like this. In his "Secret of the Tomb," exhibited at the Salon of 1879, and which earned him the *médaille d'honneur*, the young sculptor was evidently still under the inspiration of Michael Angelo, or of Florentine art at least. In the present work he cuts loose from all and every form of imitation of the great



Photographe Guillot

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ALLOUARD (H. E.)—*Marguerite.*

masters, in any the most distant degree. His "Harlequin" is altogether modern and altogether French, and hails from no special school—academic, naturalistic, romantic, or other. It is the work of an artist in complete possession of a supple, vigorous, and varied series of talents, able to pass freely and boldly with equal ease

From grave to gay, from lively to severe.

The statue shows exceptional boldness of inspiration and composition. It has all the traits which go to make up perfection in its line—character, originality, grace, and cleverness. It is the cleverness, indeed, which is the most prominent, but in such subtle, delicate, and fitting form that it charms and takes us captive, rather than astonishes or surprises. Erect on the stage, with straight, firm-set legs and hips, his well-knit figure showing through his tight-fitting dress, and his wooden sword under his arm, Harlequin stands before us in saucy defiance, smiling with impudent mockery through his carnival mask, ready to spring at his adversary with one of those sudden whisks of his weapon, as rapid as lightning and as keen as his daring jests. It was a good idea to put him up in a niche by himself, away from the nymphs and gods and goddesses of the modern Olympus, where his naughty tricks and irreverent sallies run no risk of scaring all the meditative sages—all the modest and ecstatic virgins—from their staid propriety. M. de Saint-Marceau's is a really superb bit of fancy, of the highest artistic excellence, and has won a success as complete as it is legitimate.

Next year, doubtless, will show us "Harlequin" in bronze, and uncommonly good it will be. The material, by its vigorous, yet supple tone, the sculpturesque deli-

cacy and lightness which its substance comports, is especially favorable to the alert and expressive movement of such figures as this; figures inseparably associated with the feeling of youth and passion, and from this treatment the figure can hardly fail to gain even more than its present spirit, force, and life.

Coming now to the third category—the reproduction of individual types, drawn from history or the records of the time—we find a certain number of very deserving works, by no means the least interesting in the sculpture department for the year. The statue of Monsignor Landriot, by M. Thomas, of the Institute, took the highest medal in its section. It is a fine work, perfect in execution. While it is fairly open to the criticism of being a trifle cold, it is only fair to take into consideration the character of the type which the artist had to treat, and the local conditions of its position in the cathedral. The figure of an ecclesiastic kneeling in prayer, and clad in episcopal robes, does not admit the same freedom of attitude and treatment, the same wealth of descriptive imagination, as, for example, a military portrait, or an allegorical subject. *Est modus in rebus.* M. Thomas has succeeded, notwithstanding, in rendering with great strength, both in detail and in general aspect, the lofty dignity blended with kindness and benevolence which are said to have marked the character of his sitter. The face is noble and condescending, and the fine-cut nose and lips emphasize, in a very effective and striking way, the subtle yet gentle expression of the whole physiognomy. There is great skill in the execution of the drapery, which is treated in a large and flowing style. The work is highly creditable to M. Thomas, and shows him the possessor of broad ability and profound knowledge in his

art. It amply justifies the very honorable award of the jury.

Turning to the other ecclesiastical statue, exhibited by M. U. Bourgeois, we find a sharp contrast, for which, perhaps, the artist is not wholly responsible. The oddity of the attitude was, perhaps, less the result of his own choice than the conditions under which he labored. It seems, at all events, a pity that so much real skill, not to say talent, should be wasted on a theme so ungrateful, so completely the reverse of æsthetic. There would seem to be types and subjects which, under certain aspects, do not admit of plastic handling. For years past, for example, sculptors have been giving us statues of M. Thiers; not a single one is really good or satisfactory either as mere likeness, or in purely statuesque regards. With all his talent and knowledge M. Guillaume has come to grief in an effort to do the same thing. His sketch for a monument to be erected at Versailles only goes to show what we have asserted. In the sullen



AUBÉ (J. P.)—*War.*

and gloomy old features, the stiff and hard expression, the pompous gesture of his statue no one would recognize the mobile and expressive face of the eloquent first president of the Republic. These successive failures, it may be claimed, are due to the limitations of physical condition offered by the subject, and their lack of inspiration for the soul and imagination of the artist. Without caring to go into a digression on the weighty question

of proper or improper types, or the relation of modern surroundings and character with æsthetics, we may be content to quote, in rebuttal of these fancied arguments, certain examples which bear on the case. There is no such wide difference in point of feature between M. Thiers and M. Meissonier that we should be out of the way in trying to draw a parallel between the two in physical and sculpturesque regards, and critics might even be found to assert that the latter, from this double point of view, has been less favored than his noble friend.

Now, there is in the Salon, not far from the "Harlequin," a statuette of the painter which is a masterpiece in its line, by a sculptor who, from his wandering habits, sketching and modelling in the Abruzzi or the Apennines, was less familiar than a Parisian would have been with modern Parisian costume. Yet with what tasteful ease, what sparkling vigor, he has planted his subject on his bandy legs, with his short, broad figure, his splendid chest, and athletic waist—how spirited is the chiselling of the bold, haughty head, and its fine beard—worthy of an ancient river-god—flowing majestically over the breast, how lively the features, how subtle and piercing the glance of the eye! The whole figure, from the tips of the toes to the crown of the head, and down to the very palette he so proudly holds, is alive with the most amazing snap and spirit. The portrait is a really valuable historical record in bronze of its subject; the artist, a sculptor by the name of Gemito, whose "Neapolitan Fisherman," a curiously original bit of work, was on view in the Italian section at the Exposition Universelle of 1878. The same artist, it seems to us, might make something out of M. Thiers. M. Chapen, in his fine



DENECHRAU (S)—*Singer of the Middle Age.*

statue of *Le Verrier*, and *M. Lafrance* in that of *Frédéric Sauvage*, have shown us what a skilful and original sculptor can do with the masculine costume of the day, and proved, it would seem, that the dress is less refractory to artistic treatment than has been generally maintained. Nay, artists have been found bold enough to declare that the costume to which the fleeting whim of the time condemns the fairer portion of humanity, offers to the sculptor opportunities as yet unguessed for interesting experiment in the resources of the picturesque. *M. Saldi's* attempt in this line is hardly complete and conclusive enough to allow a ripe and intelligent judgment as to the value of the innovation. *M. Ringel* carries his boldness still further, and with similar experiments blends the use of a new and curious element. He models of many colored wax, in colossal dimensions, strange gypsy statues with long, oiled hair and wild features, mad with the inspiration of the "*Rakoczy Demon*," and writhing, in the frenzy of this modern *Pythia*, in painful excess of contortion. Modelled in miniature proportions, works of this kind might be interesting for their expression of intense action, but in such exorbitant dimensions they are merely grotesque and ridiculous.

In view of their real merit and their skilful execution, rather than for any notable originality, it is fair to make mention of *M. Barrias' "Bernard Palissy,"* *M. Dumaige's "Rabelais,"* *M. Dumilâtre's* two figures in chiselled bronze for the double tomb of *Sivel* and *Crocé-Spinelli* at *Père Lachaise*, the statue of *M. Thiers*, by *M. Guilbert*, and *M. de St. Gaudens' statue of Admiral Farragut*.

Year by year the catalogue of busts at the Salon grows ever larger. It looks as if *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha*

had filled their pockets with pebbles along the banks of the Seine, and started for a stroll through the Palais de l'Industrie. Merely to name over all the various works in bronze, marble, or plaster here devoted to the glorification of manifold more or less famous dignitaries would make a catalogue of itself. Some half-score or so are really noteworthy, and call for something more than conventional praise. One of the most remarkable is the bust of M. Pasteur, by M. Paul Dubois. His very excellent work at the easel has not led this clever artist to neglect the sister art of sculpture, and he holds the balance between the palette and the modelling tool with an even hand. The present bust will take a good rank among the already notable list of his works. As it is likely to prove historic in a double sense, it would be no more than right to tell its story as we borrow it from M. Paul Manz: "In his great works on fermentation, and the microscopic animalcules which create such a morbid agitation in organic fluids, M. Pasteur was naturally drawn to examine the composition of beer. From his earnest investigations sprang the volume published in 1876, 'An Essay on Beer, with a New Theory of Fermentation.' My own ignorance of the subject precludes any discussion of the volume; suffice it that the work excited profound interest among the technicians, especially of M. Jacobsen, a brewer in Carlsberg. M. Jacobsen devoted a million and a half of francs to the establishment in Denmark of a laboratory for the investigation of all the questions bearing on beer production, and ordered of M. Paul Dubois the bust of Pasteur, to be placed in the establishment." Such is the origin of the life-like and individual work now on view at the Salon. Near it is a bust of M. Paul Dubois himself, by the artist of the Meissonier statuette, M. Gemito. The

individuality of the illustrious sitter—less inclined to smiling gaiety than to gentle sadness—gave little field for an execution so picturesquely strong and original in attitude and physiognomy. The work, which seems likely to prove a permanent and valuable memento of fidelity in the minute expression of character, illustrates the pliant facility of the artist's talent, and only enhances the excellent impression produced by his former portrait-bust. The bust of Meissonier, by M. de Saint-Marceau, likewise does great honor to the young Parisian sculptor. In this bold and vigorous bronze he has succeeded in a different way from M. Gemito, but with no less truth and individuality, in rendering the expressive character beaming in the florid features of the great artist who painted "1814" and "Solferino."

It is but right to mention, also, the bust of M. E. H., by M. Mercié; the bust of a child in marble, by M. Antonin Carlès, which looks like Florentine work; a charming female bust, by M. Deloye; the bust of M. Berthelot, by M. Iselin, a very life-like work; and finally, the two bronze busts, Sergeant Hoff and M. Henri de Lapommeraye, by Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt, in which the roughness in surface and outline, and the wilfully rugged modelling, betray a conscious striving after the expression of masculine force and a certain impetuous energy of temperament.

In the middle of the nave, on an immense pedestal hedged with plants and verdure, towers the reduction—still colossal in size—of Bartholdi's "Lion de Belfort," the reduction intended to be placed in the Park at Buttes-Chaumont. The unfavorable optical conditions under which so large a monument must be viewed in its present position, as compared with the large open-air surround-

ings it fairly requires, make it hard to pass definite judgment on its real merit and eventual effect. It may be expected, however, to lend a noble decoration to the Park. Its imposing mass, relieved against the open sky, should offer a finer and grander total than at present; and the confusion of line noticeable in the work as seen in the Palace, due, no doubt, to the cramped surroundings and comparatively feeble light, will be materially, if not entirely obviated.

We have, in this our too brief review, given a rather hasty and disjointed analysis of the principal works of sculpture in the Salon of 1880. The exhibition this year in no sense weakens the hopeful presage of brilliant and constant progress warranted by the noteworthy success in this department at the recent Salons, especially at the *Exposition Universelle* of 1878.

With the one exception of the "Harlequin," we have not, to be sure, found any of that class of strikingly fine work which by its extraordinary and transcendent merit compels universal admiration from critics and public alike. There are a few gaps to be noticed in the upper ranks—some especial and surprising shortcomings to be regretfully recorded. Still, after candidly and carefully studying, without unkind or passionate bent, the sum total of the year's production, it will easily be recognized that the school maintains its excellent level of skill, knowledge, and talent, and is still incontestably well ahead of its rivals. The sculptors, as we have said before, are still in advance of the painters, and the space devoted to them, as yet uninvaded by the new theories of sympathetic grouping and other managerial whimsies, did not present the same afflictive aspect which the spectator has had to endure in the upper galleries. To quote from the vigorous,



HIOLLE (E. E.)—*Decorative Portrait.*



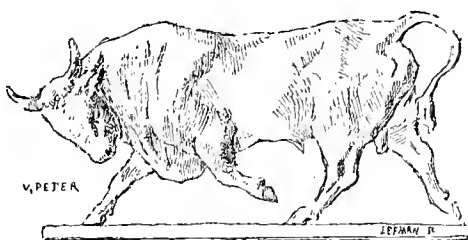
Sculture par Rodin

Photographie Agence 117

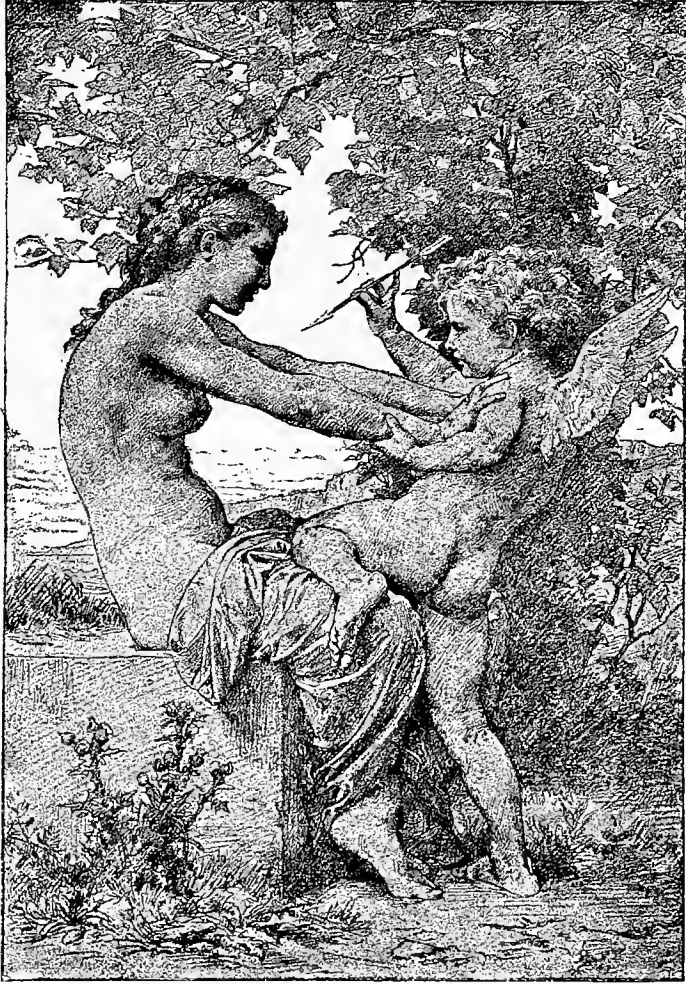
EVE

if tart comment of a clever critic, M. O. Rayet, in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, "while the upper story of the Palace looked unpleasantly like a country fair, the ground floor continued to wear the accustomed aspect of the Salon."

MARIUS VACHON.



PETER (V.)—*The Bull.*—Study.



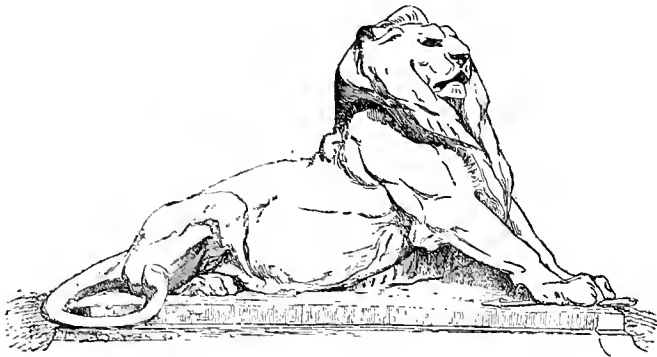
BOUGUEREAU (W. A.)—*Holding Love at Defiance.*

RÉSUMÉ.

ON more frequent return to the Salon, and more careful examination of its varied canvases, many details, passed over with little heed in our first cursory review, stand out in clearer relief. First criticisms are tempered with later reservation; our hasty praise is toned down, our equally hasty severity modified, and works at first altogether neglected are brought into prominence.

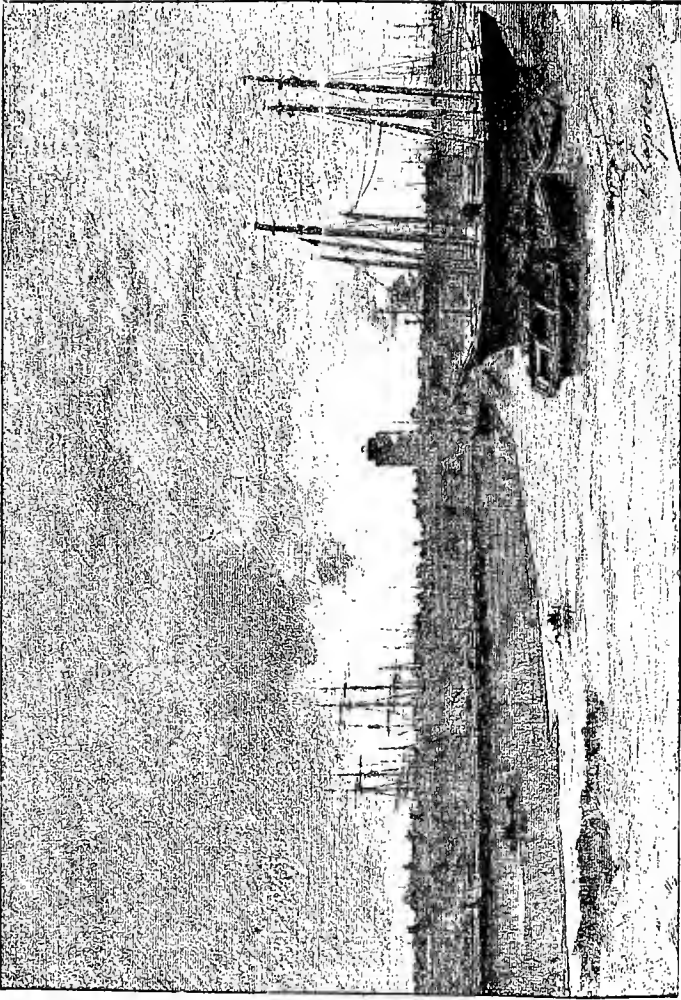
In M. Perret's "Conflagration," the burning house is not worth much notice; the real motive of the picture is found in the engine, with its team of firemen, and still more in the clever rendering of the snow effect. The figures, standing out dark and clear against the cloudy gray of the atmosphere, are admirable for truth of delineation, and the execution of the whole bit is very satisfactory. Genuine praise also is due to M. Burnand's "Village Fire Engine on the Way to the Fire." The heavy machine, piled with its impromptu fire brigade of villagers, hanging on tooth and nail, is just swinging round a sharp turn of the road at the full speed of its team of four powerful horses. There is a fine movement and swing in the *ensemble*, and the spectator might almost fancy he hears the rumble of the vehicle and the shouts of the men who ride the pole-horses. There is great variety, too, in the figures, and the execution, though

it might be more firm and precise, is still better than in any previous work of this artist. There is noteworthy and marked local character in the "Coming Home from the Festival of Ottobrata," by M. Emile Bourcart; a very animated scene, enlivened by the freest jollity and gayety in movement and feature of all the participants. People who have witnessed these pleasant autumn festivals, in the Roman Campagna, will appreciate the truth of dress and character in the work, as well as the earnest and elevated tone of the execution. Special mention, too, is due to M. Leboucher's two pictures "Quatuor" and "Citizen Canille"—both clev-

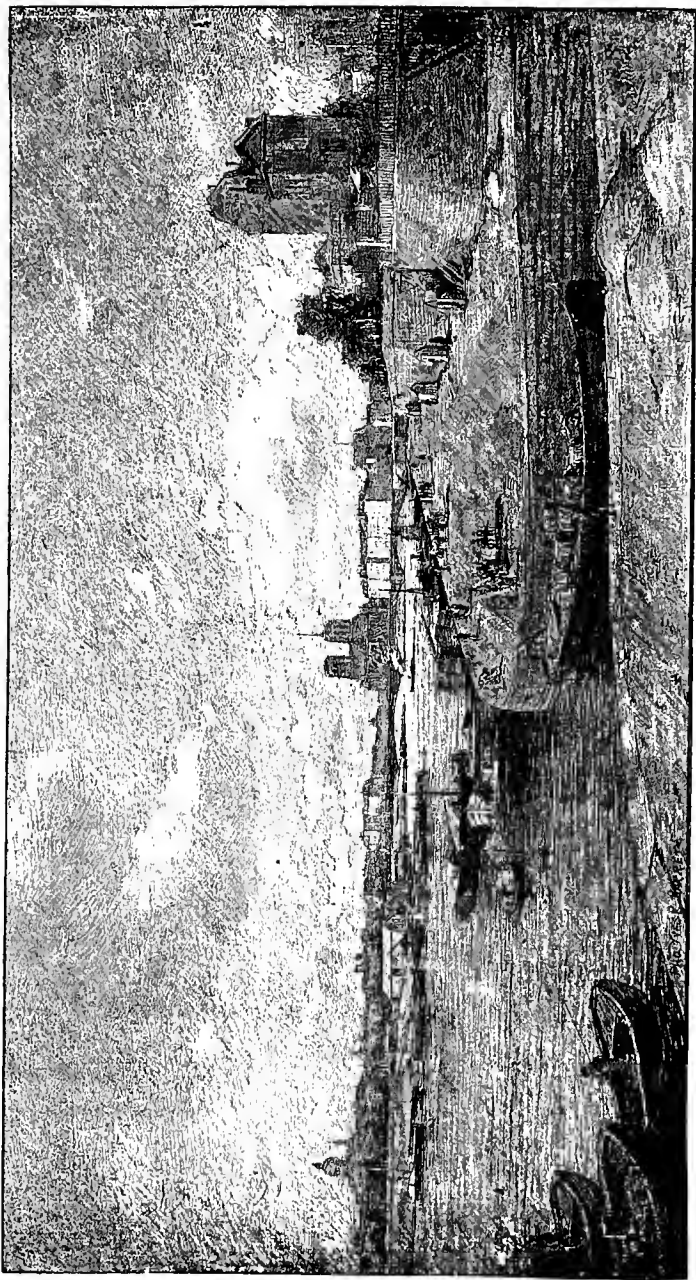


BARTHOLDI (F. A.)—*The Lion of Belfort.*

erly devised and well executed. In the same category would come M. Geoffroy's, "A Patient Victim" and "A Coming Philosopher," two pretty sketches by a young artist who seems to have hit the right direction and promises well. M. Vibert has nothing in the gallery this year; but his rival, M. Worms, is still in the front rank of the artists who aim to take the spectator's eye, while they do not neglect to stimulate his intelligence and fascinate his taste. His canvas, "Before the Alcade," is full of humor and local flavor. At the right, on his veranda, sits the magistrate, pondering over the documents which incriminate the lusty culprit before him. Around him are grouped three or four figures,



LAPOSTOLET (C.)—*The Avant-Port at Danbergue.*



MOLS (R.)—*The Quay Henri II. at Paris.*



LIX (F. T.)—Camille Desmoulins at the Palais-Royal.



PERRET (A.)—*The Village Fire.*

prominent among whom a priest, admirably hit off, is busily reading over his shoulder. Two angry women, one on either side of the culprit, are threatening and abusing him in unamiable competition, while the victim stands fumbling his hat, and slightly hanging his head with a queer, half-sheepish grin, in which stupidity and conceit are about equally blended. "I can't help it," he seems to say, "I know I am a terrible lady-killer, but it isn't my fault!" The artist sketches his country bumpkin with a dash of caricature, perhaps, but with very bold and original freshness of creation. The women, too, are literally very speaking figures, and their eager wrath and violence are so well given that they almost scold audibly. The execution shows the artist's usual skill, though, in some places, it seems to me to miss some of his habitual delicacy. But the whole scene is well devised, well put on the canvas, and extremely funny. M. Rougeron, also, in his "Bull Fighter going to the Arena," has given us a pretty Spanish bit, noticeable for the same traits of coloring and feeling as his "Taking the Veil."

Going back for a moment to the "Return from Fishing," we notice how persistently M. Feyen-Perrin sticks to one limited class of subjects. In this he and Henner are alike, and both are eminently in the right. Every genuine artist inclines to work out his own peculiar vein of invention, and finds in his one special line continually fresh and poetic inspiration. In this case the subject is fine in itself; there is a special fitness in the association of the two types—woman and the ocean—perhaps the two most mysterious and inscrutable elements in nature. M. Feyen-Perrin, it is true, treats his theme with entirely modern feeling; but there are elements of the so-called modern sentiment which are but variations on a thought as perennial as the universe. In this picture the artist gives us his favorite subject—a

group of fisher girls bringing back their heaping baskets of fish over the wet and yielding sand—and treats it with all his accustomed refinement of manner. There is the same delicate, silvery tone in cloud and atmosphere, the same quiet coloring in the figures, the same grace of drawing and correctness of attitude and movement. The whole work has, perhaps, a shade less of the old freshness of impression, as may well be in a composition which is, after all, only a variation and further development of the theme which first brought this fine artist into notice.

M. Fernand Pelez is one of the victorious competitors for the suffrage of the jury. His medal places him, in the artistic hierarchy, on a level with Lerolle, Cazin, and Dagnan, *i.e.*, with the three artists whose success was and is the bright and notable point of the Salon for the year. M. Pelez has painted a "Chickweed Seller" of no great significance, and a more important canvas, "The Washroom," with two sturdy washerwomen hard at work. Neither is this a work of the first class, but the jury, doubtless, meant their reward as a sort of premium on M. Pelez's conversion from his former prejudice for strictly religious or tragic subjects. His "Commodus," for example, of last year, got a prize, but is a confusing and disturbing sort of composition. Of pictures which, spite of their dimensions, are really nothing but bits of *genre*, there is such a swarm at the Salon that it would take days of work to get up a list of them. A few may be mentioned. There is merit in the "Poultry Dealers" of M. de la Boulaye, who has done clever work in the nude, and would do well not to confine himself too strictly to the draped figure. In M. Haquette's two pictures, "Street Musicians" and the "Fishwoman," there is a good deal of humorous dash and boldness of handling. The artist had drawn public attention last year; there is energy



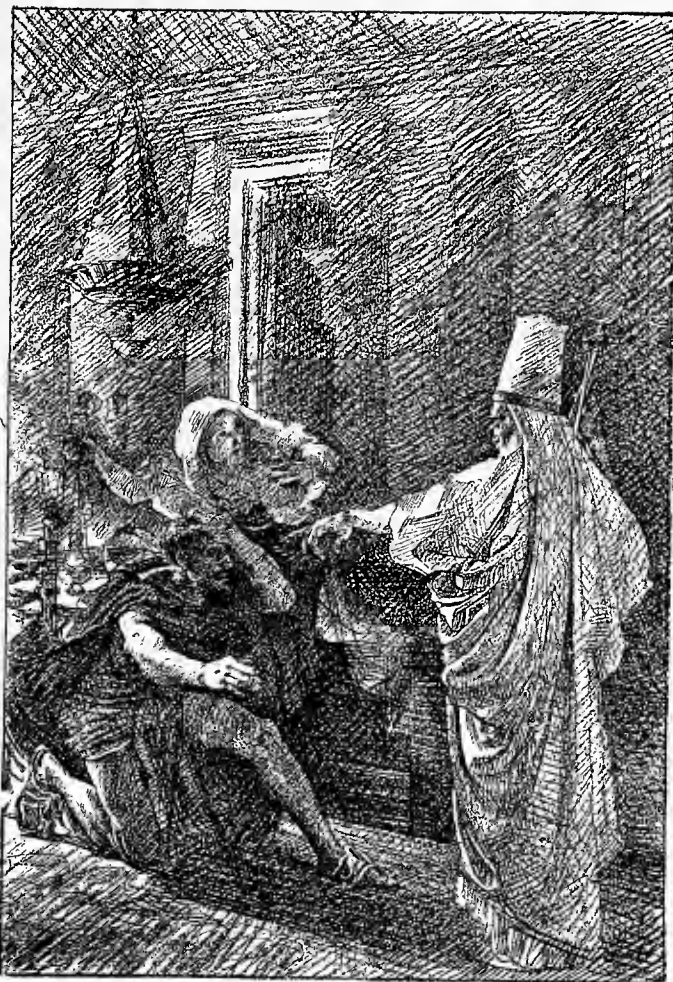
Sculpté par G. Bore

Photographe Goupil & C^o

MADONNA



FERRER (G.)—Sulambo.



WENCKER (J.)—*Saul Consulting the Witch.*



Krug (E.)—Death of St. Clair.



PAUL RICHNER 1930

RICHNER (L. P. E.)—A Normandy Coast.

and good stuff in him; but, if we might venture a hint, he runs too much to heavy color and dark tone in the treatment of his simple and familiar themes. It seems to have escaped his notice that, in such work, lightness of tone and shadow is both appropriate and pleasing. Now that the fine weather has come, and woods and fields are flooded with broad, warm sunlight, he would do well to take his easel out into the open, and work straight from nature, like Butin in Duez's friendly portrait. In this way he might let in a little daylight on his subject; a man of his merit should not pass his life taking views of the inside of his wardrobe or his writing-desk.

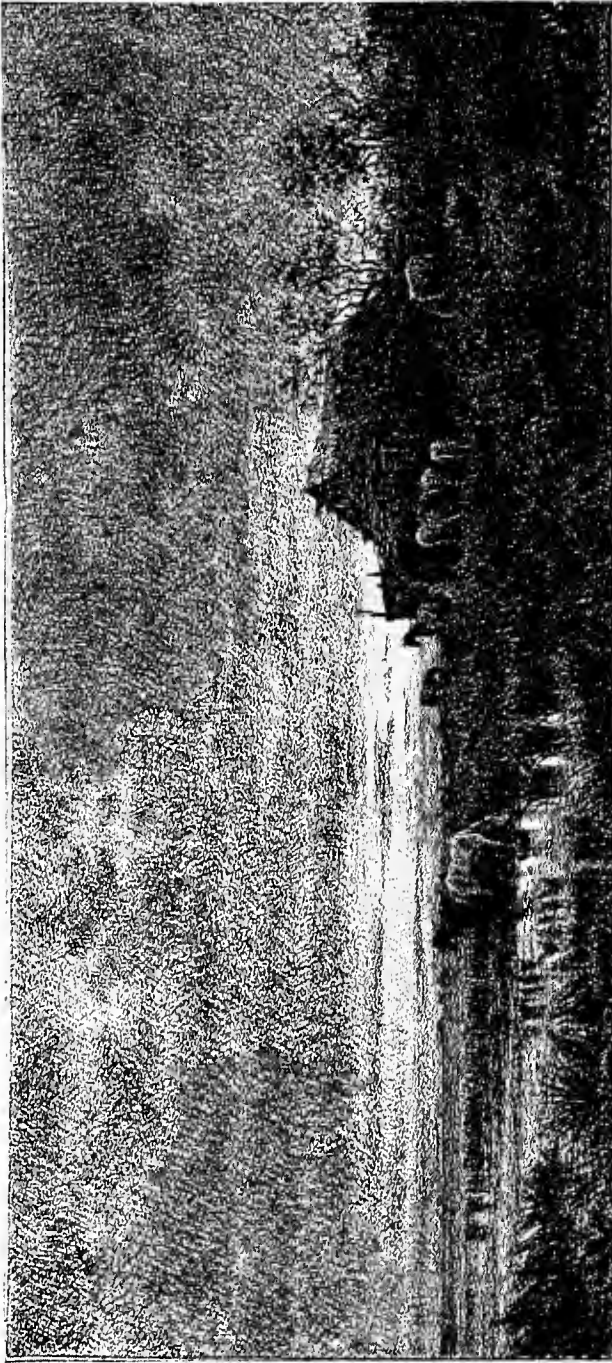
Really, it begins to look as if our artists, with all their natural endowment, all their meritorious effort for minute correctness, were lacking in proper ambition. We are tempted to accuse the French painter of looking at things through the eyes of his colleague, the Dutchman. It seems so, at least, when we see how little feeling he shows for all the subtleties and refinements of half-tint. For him the pellucid chiaroscuro, which Fromentin has so well described in his book on the "Old Masters," seems to have no charm, and when we wish to enjoy the fine subtlety of gradation in shadow and tone, we are fain to take refuge in the Louvre.

M. Hermanns has treated a purely modern episode in a fashion generally reserved for historical composition. The scene of his "Masked Ball" appears to be the Brussels Theatre, a slight but venial variation from accepted academic tradition. It is right enough that our younger artists should try their strength in the treatment of purely modern matter; but M. Hermanns uses old-time methods and old-school formulas in drawing and in arrangement of effect. The result is that, while his figures, separately, are irreproachably good, the whole composition, seen from

proper focal distance, is not as strong, luminous, stirring or spirited as it should be to properly render the mad incongruity of a saturnalia where the guests are fain to put their good manners, to say nothing of their decency, in their pockets. Edward Manet has painted an "Opera Foyer," which, for general handling, is and will long remain a model in its way. His dimensions, it is true, were much smaller than those of the present work. With so large a canvas as M. Manet sets out to cover, the difficulties increase in the ratio of the surface.

At the portal of the Louvre, Catharine, surrounded by her maids of honor, stands gazing at the bodies of the slaughtered Huguenots, insulting, with cruel and morbid curiosity, the corpses of her enemies as yet hardly cold in death. The whole scene can be found in detail in the *Mémoire de l'État de France*. In his picture, drawn from this description, M. Debat Ponsin has failed to reproduce the revolting and harsh features of the occasion, but contents himself with accentuating the figure of the Queen Mother, standing out black and sinister against the high light of the background. The method savors too much of imitation from Comte's famous picture—but the whole composition of this large canvas is not without merit.

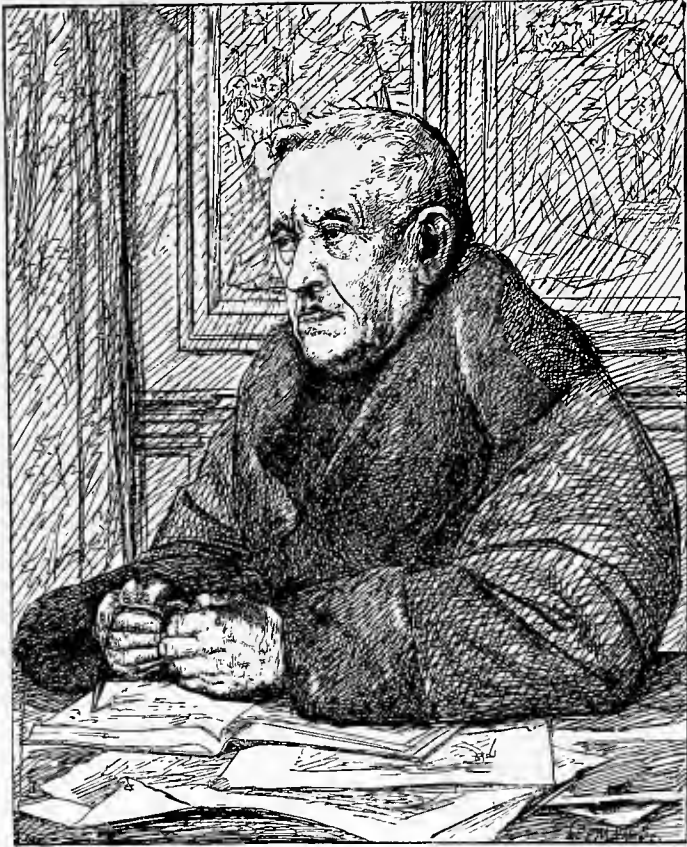
M. Gustave Boulanger exhibits a panel, "Henry IV. of Germany doing Penance before Pope Gregory VII. and the Countess Mathilda" (at Canossa, in 1077), in which M. Davvant shows himself for what he is, a lineal and direct descendant of J. P. Laurens. The first glance at the "Henry IV." irresistibly suggests the "Excommunication of Robert the Pious," exhibited by Laurens, if I mistake not, in 1875. The two works have the closest family resemblance, and the one is the direct and legitimate result of the other. They show the same grandeur of conception, offset by the same



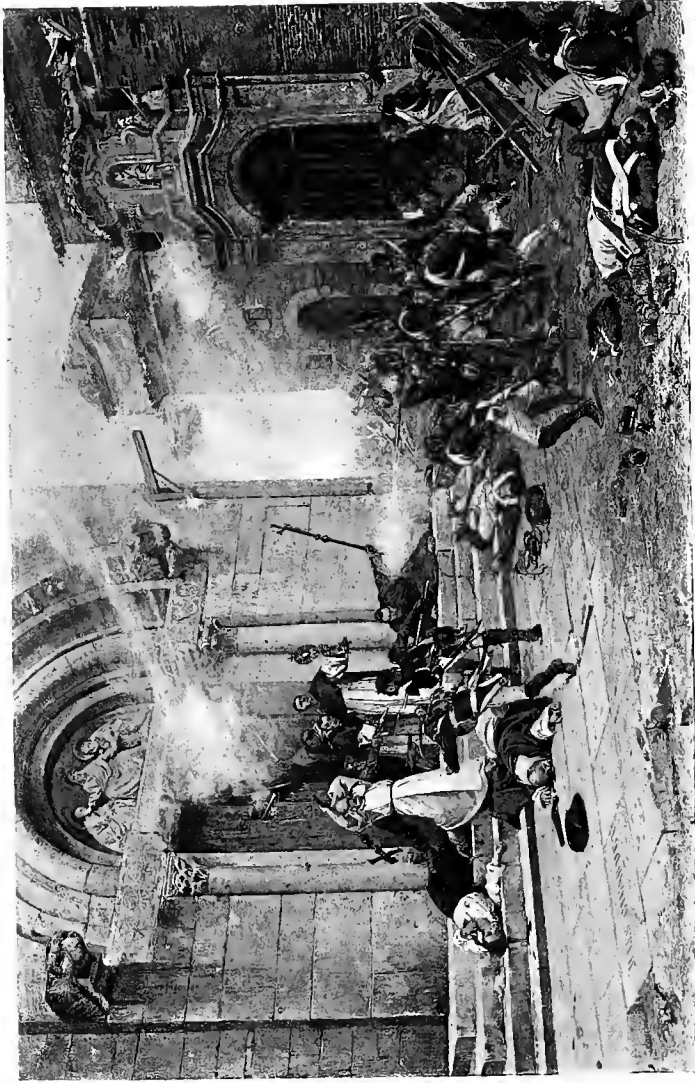
CHAUVRIER DE LEON (G. E.)—*Twilight in Camargue.*



TESSE (P.).—*Souvenir of Fontainebleau.*



VAN HOVE (E) — *A Learned Amateur.*

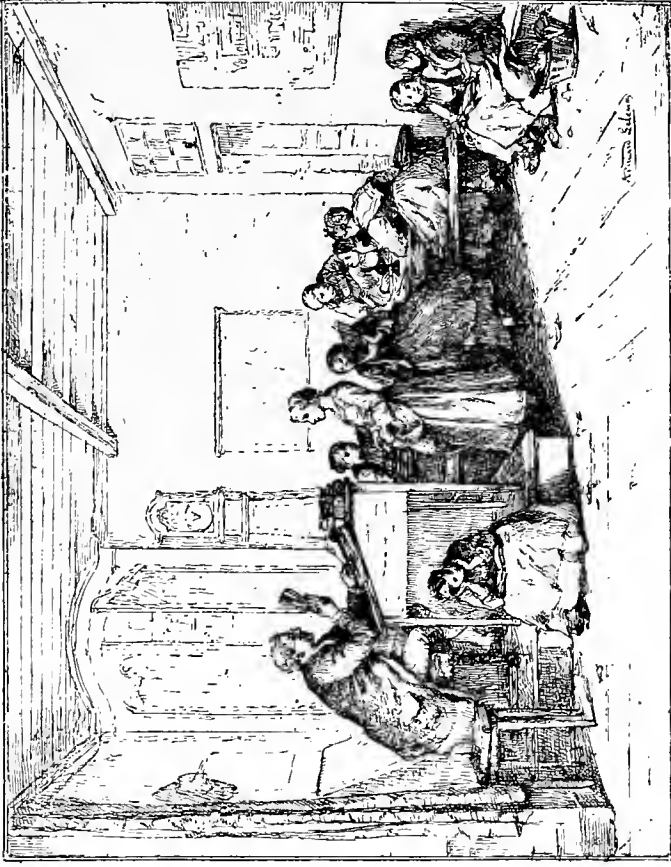


The Photogram Company, N. Y.

Paint, par. A. G. G. G.

EPISODE IN THE SIEGE OF SARAGOSSA.

THE SIEGE OF SARAGOSSA.
NEW YORK.



L. LEBLUX (Armand) — *Village School* (Switzerland).

noteworthy vulgarity of individual type, and the excessive simplicity, nay, the deliberate and intentional scantiness of *mise-en-scène* and accessories.

M. Davvant's other picture, "Merowig at the Tomb of St. Martin," shows the same traits in handling and method and the same archaic features of delineation. They are both good pictures, certainly, but the artist needs to be reminded that the striking success of the "Excommunication," and the "Interdict," was their palpable originality—a trait which, as it is necessarily the exclusive property of the earlier works, is, of course, lacking in their successors.



RAVAUT (R. H.)—*The Raising of a Child by St. Benoit.*

M. Delpérée, an artist of Liège, draws from the history of the Dukes of Burgundy the theme of his picture, which represents the deputies of Ghent coming to do penance before Charles the Bold, and obliged to wait at his palace gates in Brussels. Anxious sadness clouds the features of the deputies, as they hold in the one hand their banners, in the other their documents and charters, while they gaze with lack-lustre eyes at the closed and forbidding door of the ducal residence, before which they must linger in patient supplication. The subject has some analogy with the work of M. Maignan, Re-

naud de Bourgogne, in 1307, in presence of nine city officials, swearing, in his own name and in that of his wife and son, to respect the franchises of the city of Belfort. As a bit of decorative work, it is treated on a scale of color intentionally subdued, but strikingly well-chosen and effective. M. Maignan has already given signs of notable ability, but he has done nothing better than this.

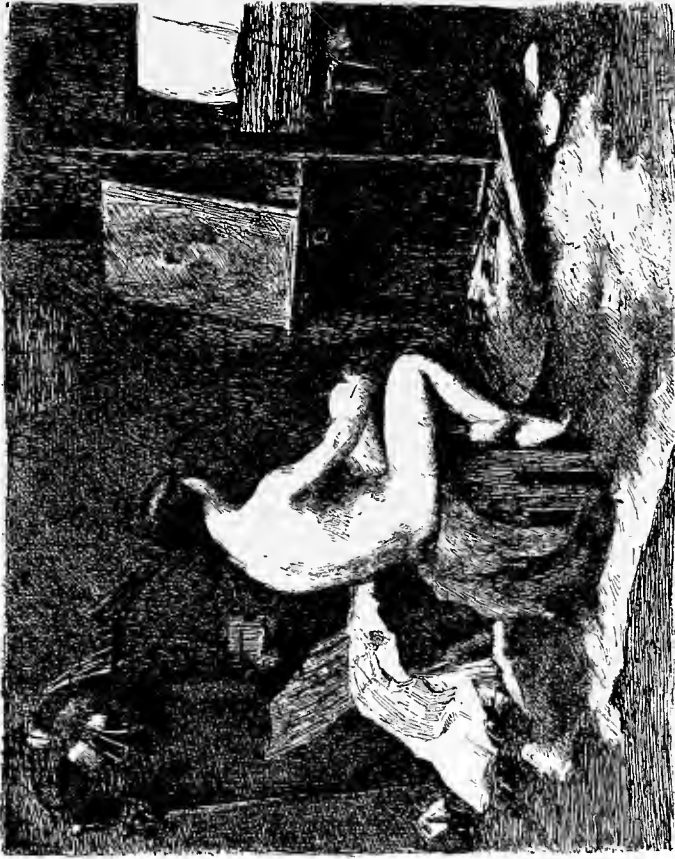
M. Pasini takes us into Asiatic Turkey with his "Circassian Cavalry Awaiting their Leaders." A party of horsemen are grouped before the door of a Byzantine building, adorned with the gorgeous tiled work from which the artist gets for his pictures such rich effects of color. The treatment of the figures is a trifle hard and dry, and fails to show that tremulous life and thrill which should pervade a group of men and animals. Taken altogether, the picture shows pleasant color and very skilful touch, but it is not in the best manner of the artist, an artist who has merit enough to deserve strict criticism.

It is sufficient to call attention to M. Lobrichon's two canvases; their merit claims immediate assent. In the "Torture of Tantalus" he gives us a youngster perched on a high baby-chair and leaning forward, in natural fashion, to gaze after his jumping-jack, which has fallen from his hand.

In his "Punch and Judy" he gives us a group of children's heads, pretty, lifelike, and true to nature, and full of a charming spirit and humor which have attracted the admiring notice of all the visitors to the Salon. M. Renouf's picture—already mentioned—must be praised with some reservation. The artist has fine abilities for color and the treatment of atmospheric effects; but he is not strong in composition. In his "Widow and Child at the Tomb" he gives too much breadth and importance to the landscape background, and allows it to absorb too large a share of the spectator's atten-



COOMANS (J.)—*In Arrest.*



BOMPARD (M.)—*The Repose of the Model.*



DUPAIN (E. L.)—*The Death of Petion and Bagot the Girondins.*



BRUNEAU (C.)—*Spring.*

tion. By properly subordinating this accessory element he would have obtained more calm and unity of effect. He has put an overstrained realism into the painting of his tombstones, but his figures, in their observance of "the values," are faultless. Such young artists as M. Renouf seem a little under the spell of Breton, as regards their figures; of Ségé in their perspective, and of Bastien-Lepage in their subtlety of tone.

The longer we examine M. Buland's "Pious Offering," the more clearly its merits stand forth. The motive which the artist has selected is not in itself dramatic, but he has managed to permeate it with subtle feeling. He gives us, in his painting, a young girl, just confirmed, sitting in a corner of the church by a little shrine decked out with candles, paper-lace, and all the pretty tinsel of youthful devotion. To her comes an old man, in whose tattered garments we read the story of life-long want, trial, and misfortune. But in all his misery, the old fellow has kept fresh some fine instincts not always found associated with the purple of Dives. With the ready tact of good feeling and good breeding his hand seeks his pocket, if perchance he may find there some stray coin for the contribution-box of the fair young minister of charity. The same subject, you see, or nearly the same, as that which Courbet took for his "Beggar's Alms," a large, careless, and meaningless work, which never pleased anyone, save, perhaps, Courbet himself. M. Eugène Buland's composition has far more value and significance, but it has one fault—the lack of originality. It shows too careful study of Bastien-Lepage; too evident a design to copy his light and delicate tone, and imitate his abhorrence of the harsh, heavy shadows so dear to the heart of the Bolognese and the Neapolitan schools. Still, the "Pious Offering" is rich in fresh and pleasing traits. The girlish

features, framed in their fleecy cloud of muslin and gauze, the white draperies of the temporary shrine, and the pale grays in the old man's costume, blending with the extreme delicacy of the carnation in the flesh tints, all show M. Bolland a worthy pupil of the new school of colorists. And then he has feeling, and a certain tenderness of expression, which are as delicate as a flower. There is more sincere emotion in his modest picture than in the whole host of so-called religious works, which sprawl through the Salon in all the impertinence of their pretentious vacuity.

One of the chief charms of M. G. Guillaumet's picture—"The Palanquins" (Laghouat in Algeria)—is its magical perspective. To get such sequence and gradation of tone with the play of a mere camel's-hair brush over the slippery surface of a bit of canvas, is a real triumph; a sort of thing which needs high natural gifts, supplemented by a very perfect art. To get air into their pictures is the chief effort and the prime excellence of master workmen. M. Guillaumet gets all the space he wants; the great square of Laghouat broadens and deepens before your eyes with aerial perspective and mirage as tricky and evanescent as the effects of a diorama. The buildings stand off in receding lines, as if to let you pass, while every bit of figure and detail is so aptly used as to afford the eye the most true and satisfactory estimate of distance. From one element of the scale to another, the sight travels back, still back, to the clump of palms, whose farthest stem still suggests, behind it, the ever-fleeting lines of the boundless horizon. Notice, too, how strong and juicy is M. Guillaumet's color—how, when he wants earth, he gives you good, genuine earth tone, and plaster, when he means plaster—how live with animality are hide and hair of his beasts. how soft and full his stuffs, what flesh and blood in his human figures, and what fulness of life in each



ZIER (E.)—Charles VI. and Odette.



Sculpté par E. Avelin

Photogramme tiré par S. V.

MIGNON

MIGNON



MAIGNAN (A.)—*Renaud of Burgundy Granting a Charter of Freedom to Belfort.*



FANTIN-LA-TOUR (H.)—*The Last Scene of the Rheingold.*



BELLET DU POISAT (P. A.)—*Combat Between the Centaurs and the Lapithae.*

and every particular. The picture is meant to lead up to a camel and a palanquin, the camel, seen front face, in the centre of the composition, with that odd blending of gentleness and gravity so often beheld in the physiognomy of ruminating creatures. Spite of his lofty carriage of head, he looks tame and submissive, as befits the type, *par excellence*, of the domesticated animal. His chest stands out sharply, makes a hole, so to speak, in a vast spread of primrose hangings, adorned with fringe and embroidery, and screens and punkahs, the whole making up one splendid mass of glowing color. On his billowy back—a humpback, which for once seems an exception to the proverbial type of deformity and suffering—we get our palanquin. In its swaying cradle gently rock and swing a group of women, mythical creatures whom the Paris school-boy, in his sentimental visions, knows as *odalisques*, though his dreams of them are so vague and shadowy that it is doubtful whether he clearly distinguishes between the odalisque and the camel. With all its bold foreshortening, the animal is so well drawn and posed that you feel as if you might, if so minded, crawl between its legs.

Two Arabs, with their dogs beside them, are squatting, deep in conversation, at the left of the foreground. Both the men and the dogs merit attention, especially the dogs, with the drawn and panting lines of their lean flanks. As for the Arabs, it was but a cockney criticism to say they are talking. Not a bit. Each to himself seems conning over his religious shibboleth. Allah il Allah ! God is Great ! and that is all the conversation he needs or desires.

There is a strong fascination about this bit of burning and glowing Orient, with its mysterious wealth of warm color and sombre shadow—its atmosphere sultry with the weight of the long, tropic day—which makes it hard to

tear one's self away. It is M. Guillaumet's second interpretation of Laghouat scenery, and on a par for interest and charm with its companion bit, exhibited last year. The artist is enrolled in public estimation as a devotee of Eastern scenery, for which he shows that special liking which creators may naturally feel for the work of their hand and thought—a subtle bond and hard to break.

The special faculty of M. Adrien Marie leads him to linger lovingly among scenes of domestic life. His grouping is admirable, his study close and careful, costumes and accessories all scrupulously exact, and the whole effect peculiarly pleasing to the eye and soothing to the taste of the most exacting spectator.

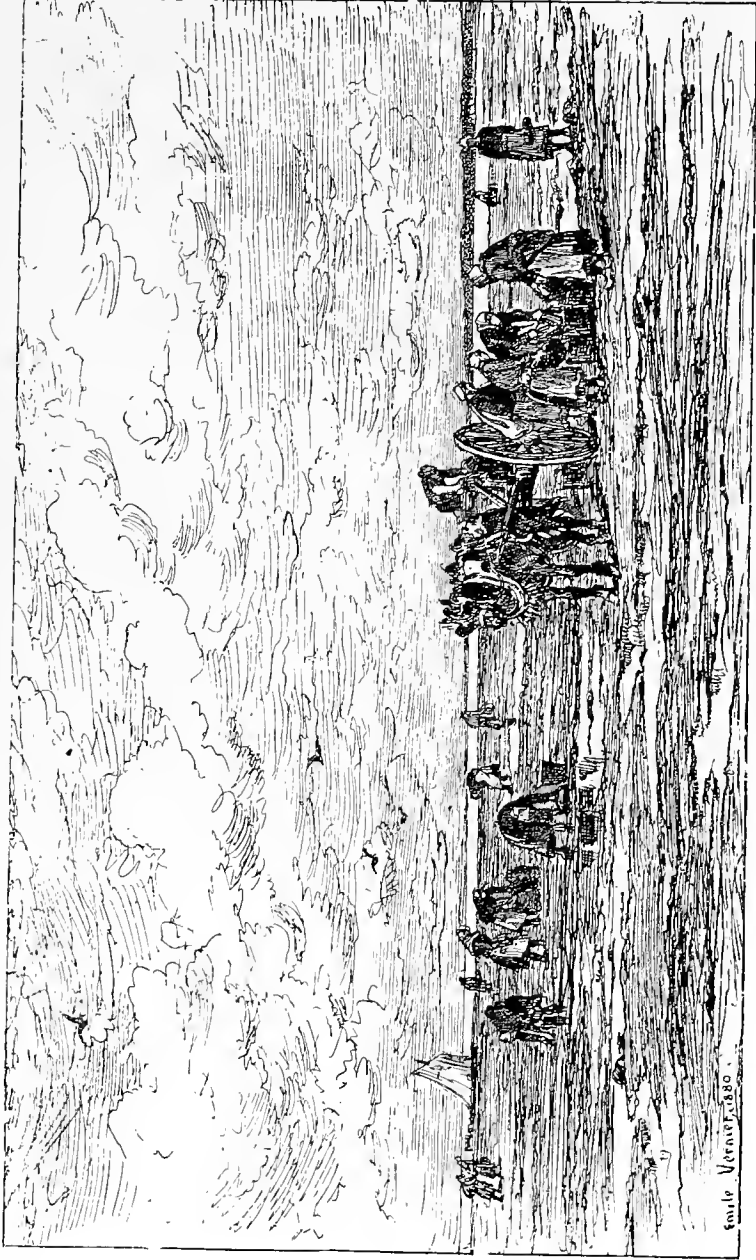
The artist, after his first experience of the joys of pater-nity, fell madly in love, it would seem, after the manner of young fathers, not only with his own infant, but with children in general. So we find him studying, observing, and copying the whole race of youngsters with unwearied devotion. No one knows so well as he how to paint them in every form, phase, and attitude. At one moment he shows them smiling with the winsome charm which childhood only possesses; again, sleeping or weeping or venting their naughty little tempers, or risking their first tottering steps, or, as in "Generosity," tempting pussy, gravely seated on her chair, to share their luncheon. This little canvas shows that, besides his notable talent in engraving and illustration, M. Marie is a painter as well.

Further on, in my list of good pictures, I find "The Return," a stormy sea, tossing on its billows the little vessel appointed to bring back to the English coast the coffin of the unfortunate young prince who fell beneath the assegais of the Zulus.

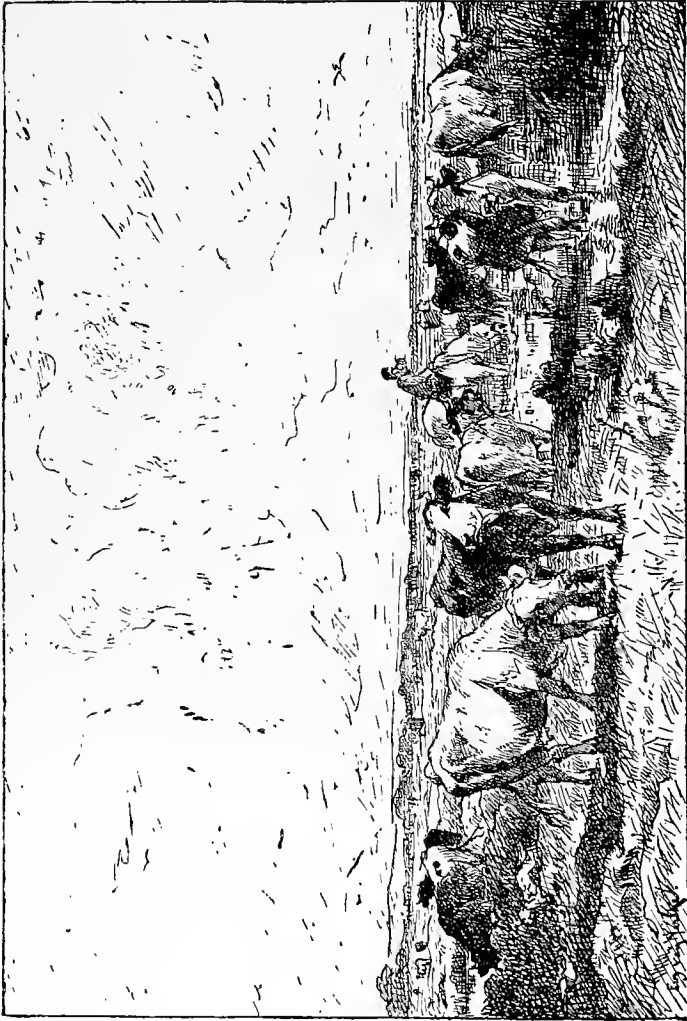
After our excursion through the purely French portion



PRIOU (L.)—*The Oath.*



VERNIER (Emile)—*The Side of Shells at La Hougue (Manche)*.



VAN MARCKE (E.)—*The Meadows of Bourbet.*



BENNER (J.)—*The Detrouthed.*



Peut voir l'histoire.

Photographie Goupil & Co

THE RETRIEVER.

SAMUEL L. HALL
NEW YORK

of the exhibition, picking out the most notable specimens by the way, it seems worth while to cast a glance at the contributions from abroad. The rooms set apart for them are not without strong elements of attraction ; of interest, at least, from the sharp contrast they present with all our specially Parisian habits of thought, and the glimpses they offer into new methods and points of view. At the outset, the eye is struck with a terrible battle-piece, by the Polish artist Matejko, a souvenir of the East by the Italian Pasini, a remarkable study by the German painter Leibl, a few good



DELANCE (P. L.)—*Louis XVI. with Parmentier.*

portraits of the same nationality, some fine sea-views by the Dutch artist Mesday, some decorative panels by Alma Tadema, some good pictures by Knyff, Mols, Verwée, etc. Prominent among them all is M. Hermanns' large canvas—"The Bal Masqué"—a spacious bit of painting, decidedly the most noteworthy of all the contributions from abroad, has excited brisk discussion and controversy. If it does not suit every taste, it certainly is a work which cannot be overlooked. The very violence of the attacks directed against any given artist, by a necessary reaction, raises up defen-

ders. It does him more good to be criticised, even though with a certain sharpness, than to be passed by with that gentle approbation which savors so uncomfortably of indifference. To be the object of controversy is to be somebody; we don't waste discussion on a man unless he is worth it.

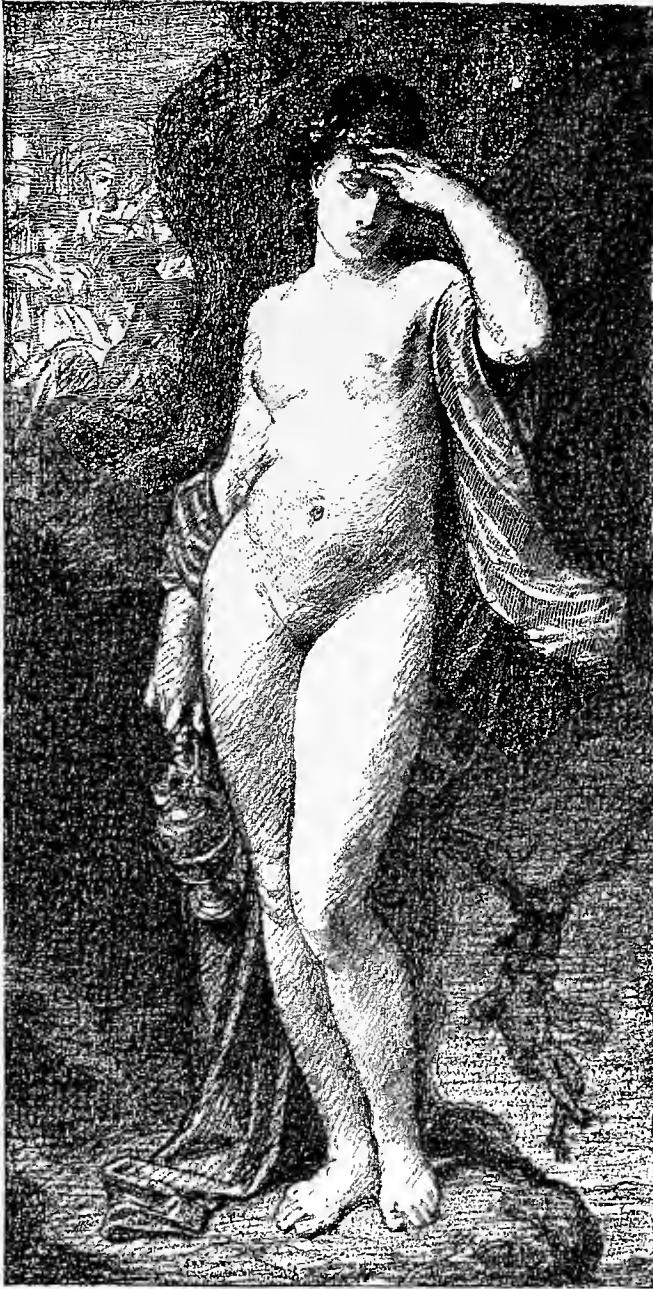
Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt this year makes her first contribution to the department of painting, with a picture, "Death and the Maiden." It is well painted, and the only criticism which suggests itself to me concerns a little heaviness in the girl's collar. A look at the work recalls to mind Mlle. Bernhardt's first sketches, taken in Brittany at "Deadmen's Bay," and full of a certain swing and energy, a warm feeling for color, which it may be feared has since been too much educated out of her.

Mlle. J. Gonzales' "Bread Carrier" is a really remarkable study. M. André Gill's "Drunkard" is drawn from a scene in the "Assommoir," when Coupeau comes in much the worse for liquor, and falls flat on the floor at the feet of Gervaise and Nana. The work has been much talked of, and I share the general admiration it called forth; though it is to be regretted that M. Gill, whose other picture, "The Captain," showed such a rich and juicy *impasto*, should have painted the present one in so dry a manner.

Never having seen M. Hermanns, I know nothing as to his previous studies, since the catalogue, contrary to the usual custom, says nothing about him. He has already exhibited in Paris a picture, entitled "Dawn," which gave token of very genuine talent, but which, spite of its general welcome from the professional side, created little sensation in the minds of the public at large. The coloring was rather dull, whereas the popular taste is easily caught by more showy and facile qualities, while it hesitates to accept



WATTS (G. F.)—*Orpheus and Eurydice.*



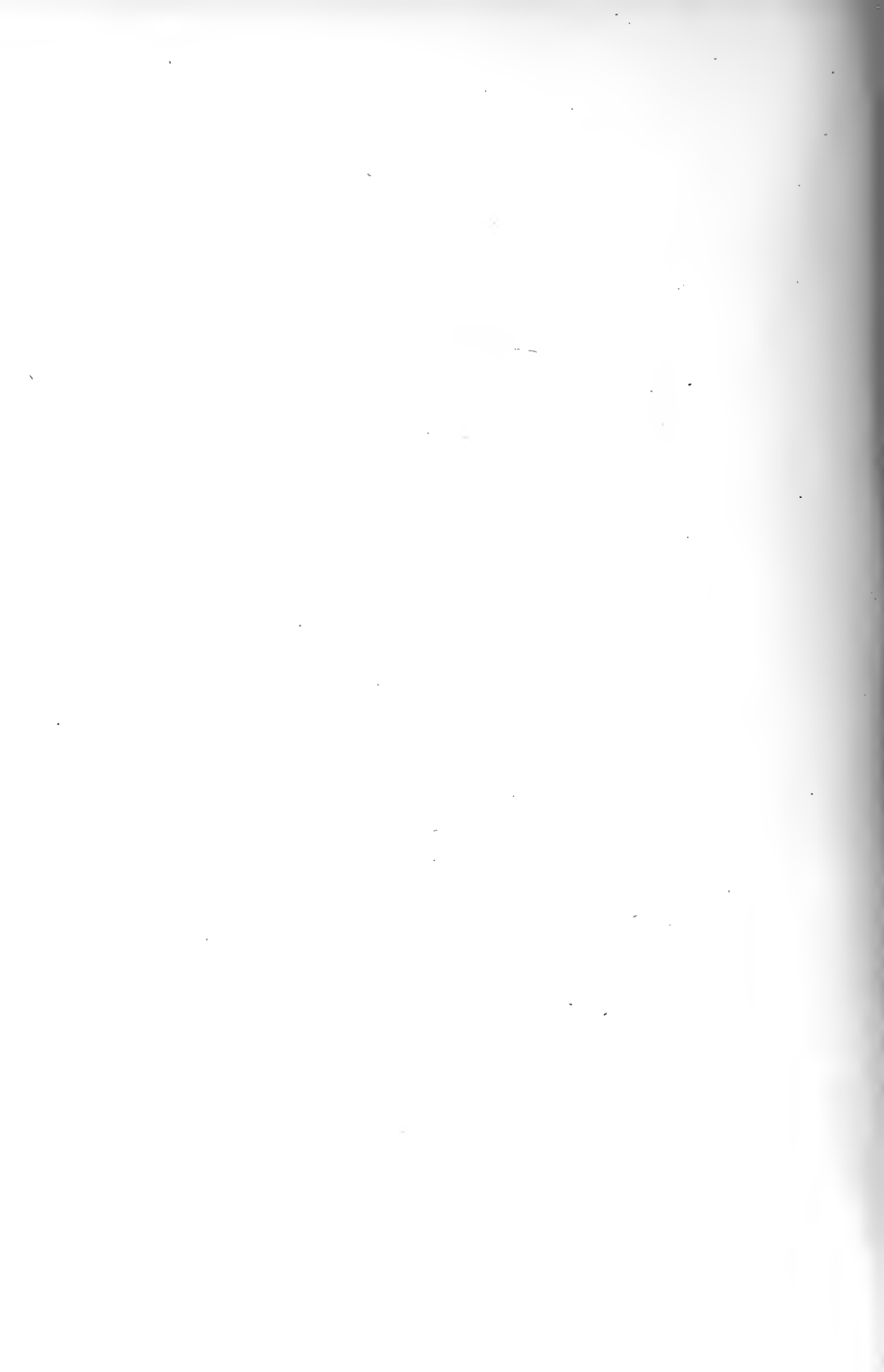
MERLE (H.)—*Hebe After Her Fall.*



Séché.—*The Fields at Coubron.*



BONVIN (F. S.)—*A Church Corner.*



more thoughtful work till forced to it by the concurrent voice of artists and technical critics.

M. Hermanns' "Bal Masqué," exhibited this year, is a large canvas, over four yards long by three in breadth. The scene is the auditorium of a theatre, richly decorated, and lighted from above by a chandelier, not seen in the picture, besides different subsidiary sources from either side. The wild turmoil of the dancers is kept in the middle distance, while the foreground is taken up with calmer figures of black-coated men and gayly dressed women, lounging, talking, and looking on, but taking only an indirect share in the wild scene of revel going on just beyond. The boxes in the background are crowded with a brilliant and animated throng of spectators. The entire effect is in harmony with the general plan and scope of the conception; the foreground kept in very sober tone, and all the brilliant, high color reserved for the middle distance and background.

The picture, as I have said, has excited a good deal of discussion. At first sight it fails to greatly attract, but gains on repeated scrutiny; and after careful study the spectator is captivated and charmed by its merit. Having gone through these varying phases, on my different visits to the picture, I will try to give some sketch and analysis of my impressions.

While the general tint of color is harmonious enough, it has not quite the brilliancy which might be expected from such a motley crowd, whirling, mingling, and changing under such a dazzling flood of artificial light. Yet the separate groups are extremely true in tone—those at the rear, in especial, being exquisitely delicate in color. Whence, then, this general monotony of effect in a picture which, examined in detail, shows such correctness and variety of color? The prevailing tint, as usual in theatrical decoration, is red, which stands out strongly as the dominant ground

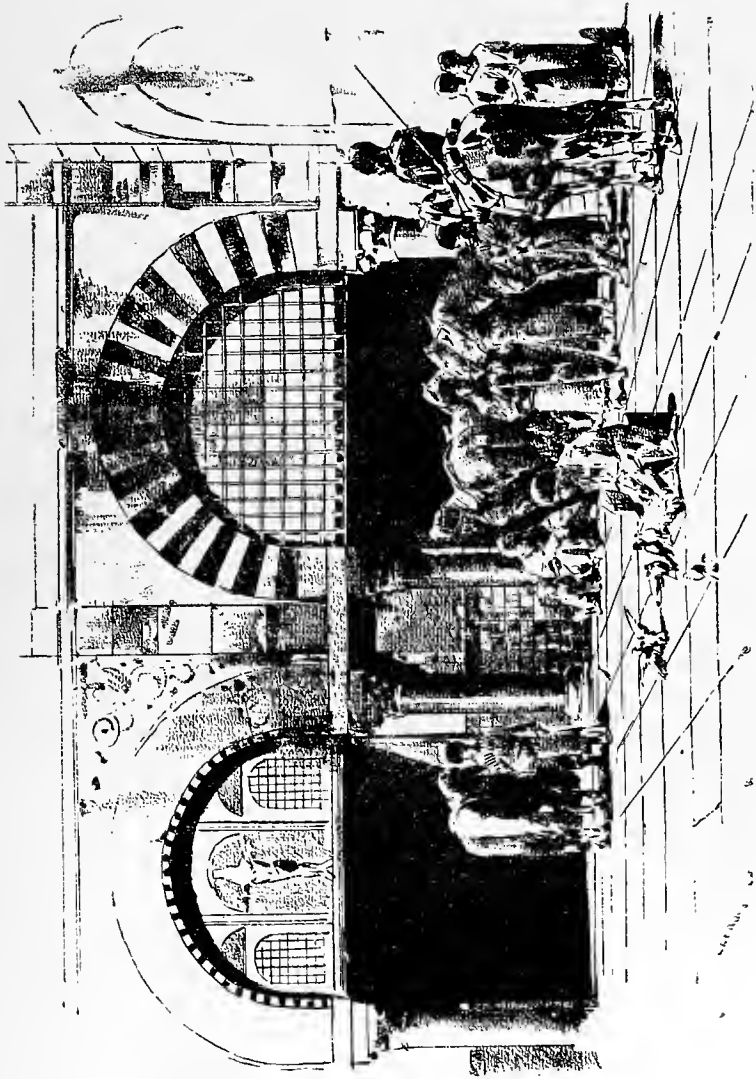
tone all through the boxes and galleries, while the gilt work, the white dresses of the clowns, and the gay costumes seen in the background, all blend, while they yet pleasantly vary the general local coloring. Only in the foreground and middle distance the artist has chosen a sober dominant key, which is the more pervasive as it is re-enforced by the black coats of the men, with the result that the foreground and extreme background, instead of mutually accentuating each other by contrast, fall into a uniformity which is not lighted up by varied play of hue. But the first impression surmounted, and the eye once attuned to this chromatic scale, a careful look at the groups of dancers discovers an amazing variety of character type, and an abounding wealth of life in the ensemble. The women in dusky garb, to which I have just made unfavorable allusion, are yet charmingly graceful and shapely, an opinion evidently shared by the gentleman behind them, with hat on head, listening or seeming to listen to the conversation of some one beside him. He has a strong family resemblance with the well-known fellow in the "Dawn," issuing forth from a supper at Riche's or Brébant's, in a deplorably suggestive plight which gives hints as to his walk and conversation, only too sadly confirmed by the present picture. All the heads in the foreground are painted with such striking force and truth to nature that the spectator is tempted to claim them as old acquaintances. Sooth to say, they look just a trifle bored, as might be expected from the age the artist has chosen for them. Once past the guileless freshness of extreme youth, the *bal masqué* is apt to lose its pristine charm. For hearty enjoyment and fun we must go to the clowns, disporting themselves in the middle distance, their arms appearing, in all sorts of awkward and spasmodic gesture, above the hats of the figures in the foreground. The throng which lines



LE TULLIANUM PENDANT LA PERSECUTION,
MARTYRE de S^{te} Pauline

l'an 257, sous Valérien, S^{te} Pauline,
sœur de Hippolyte, évêque de Rome, souffrit
martyre en ce lieu, et est descendue dans le
prieau. Illustration Tullianum. Musée Cathédrale de
l'église cathédrale, etc.

GUAY (G.)—The Tullianum During the Persecution. Martyrdom of St. Pauline.



PASINI (A.)—Circassian Horsemen Awaiting Their Chief.

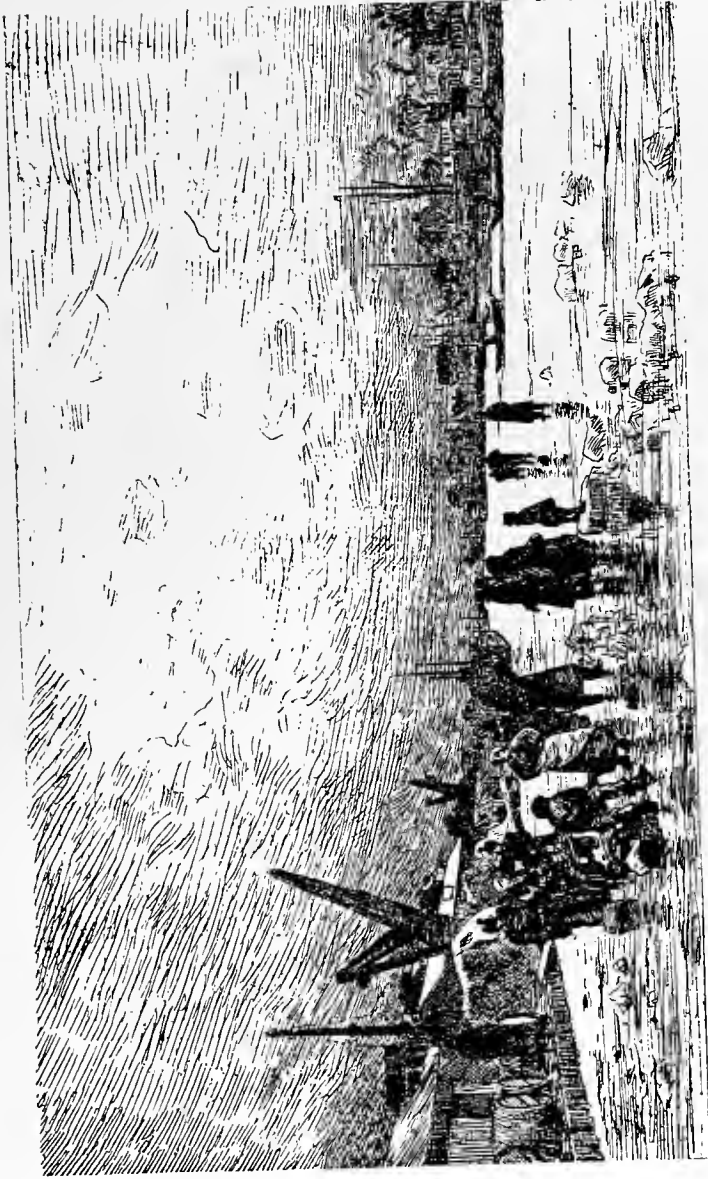


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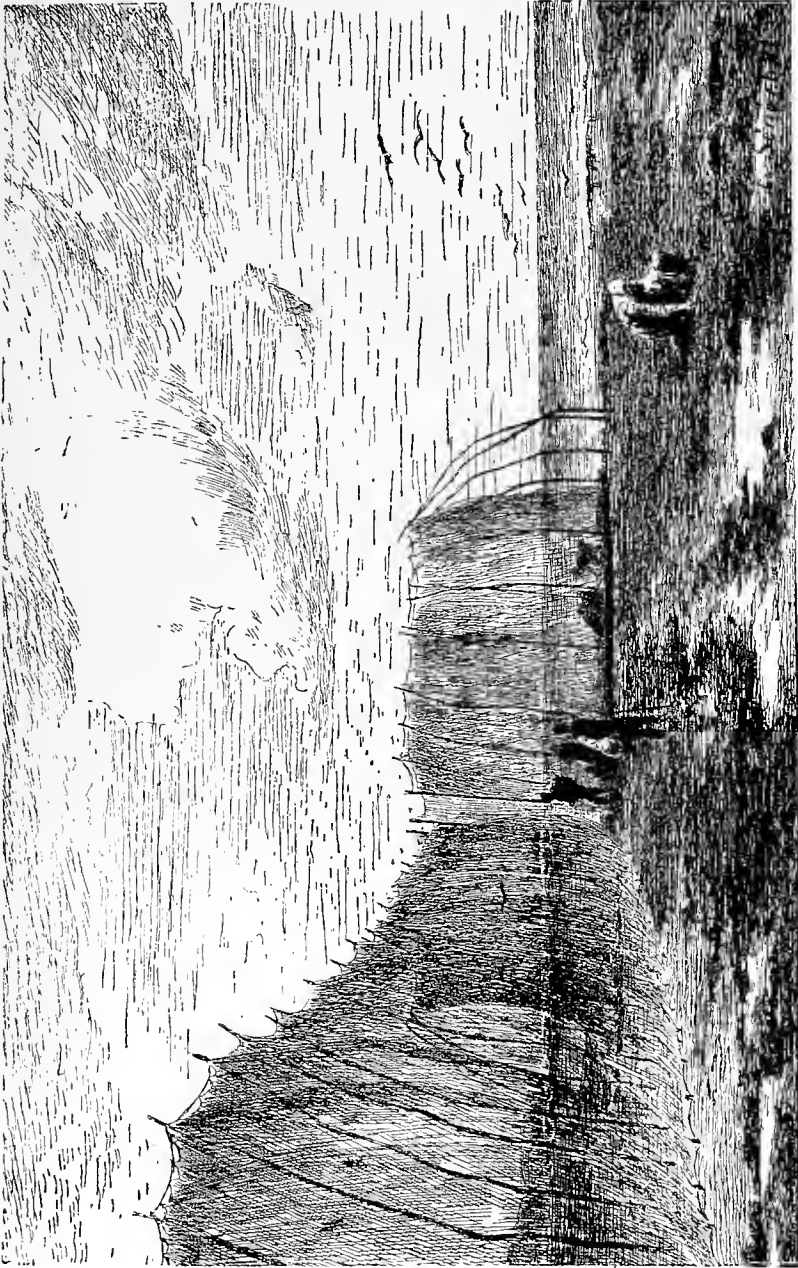
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BIBLIS CHANGED TO A SPRING.

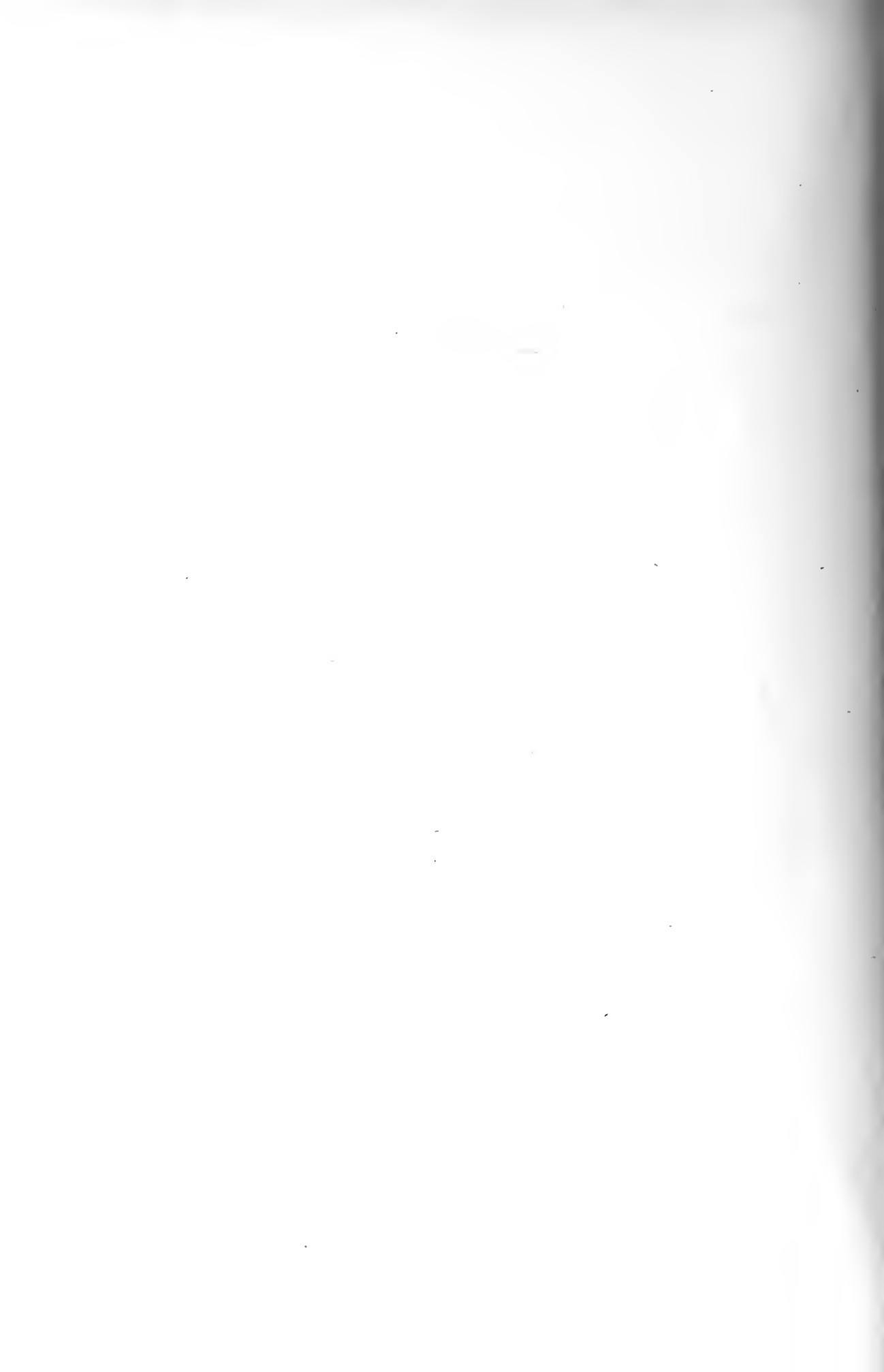
SAMUEL L. LEVY,
NEW YORK.



SON (E. C.)—*The Canal of La Fillette* (Winter 1879-80).



LE SÉNÉCHAL DE KERDRÉORET (G. E.)—*The Fishery at Vauls-en-Caux.*



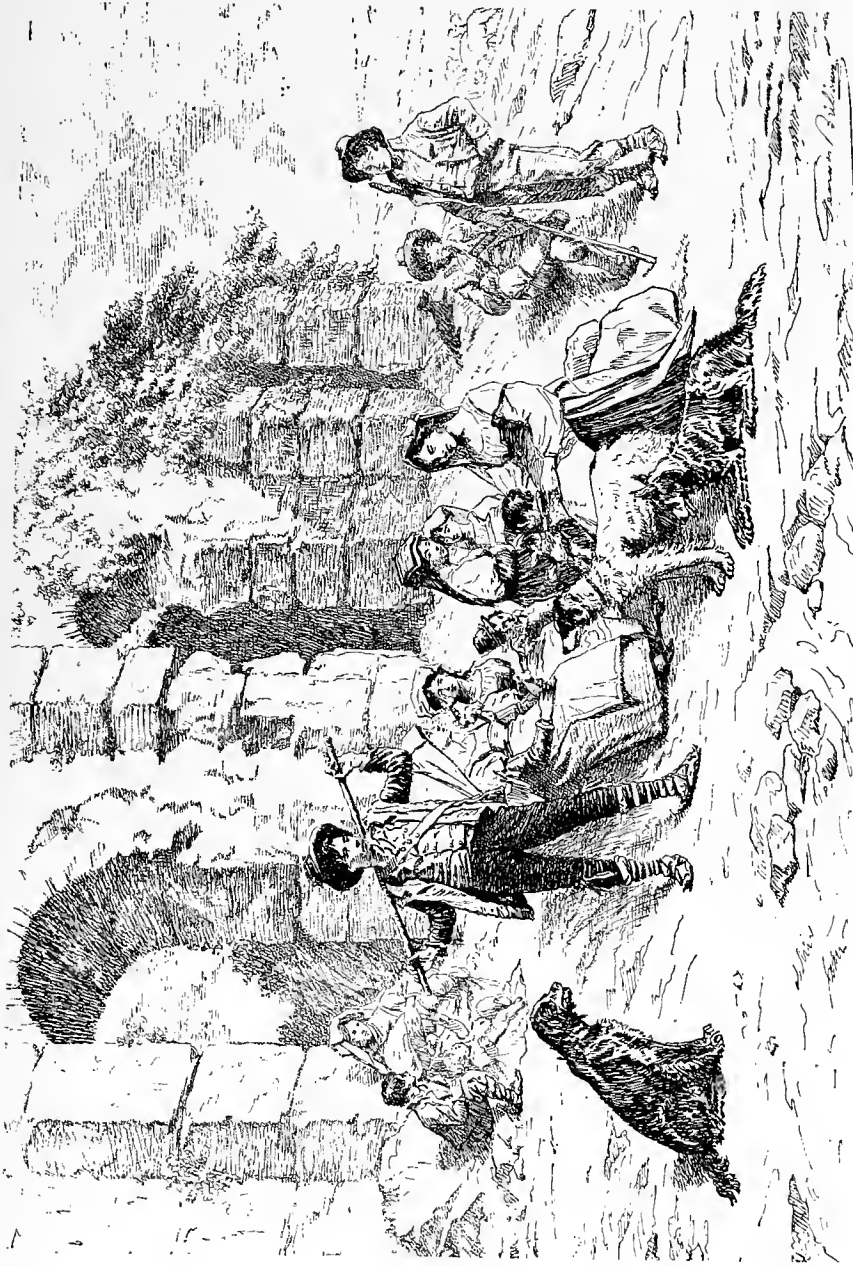
the stairway and boxes is treated in a really masterly manner.

M. Hermanns' "Bal Masqué" is the only work of prominence which calls for immediate mention in the foreign section. The bulk of the collection is made up of small pictures, naturally enough, in view of the difficulty of transportation for larger ones. As an offset to this, on reviewing the exhibition as a whole, it is surprising to see what a mass of big canvases it has to show, and the question naturally suggests itself—what becomes of them all when the Salon is over? The State naturally can purchase but a necessarily very slender part of the lot, and the average Paris apartment is decidedly too small for their vast proportions; yet it would seem that the artists find them roof and shelter somewhere, as they steadily begin this sort of mammoth manufacture next year all over again. In view of the ever-increasing number of these big pictures, the reflection is both natural and pertinent, that the artists appear to take slight heed to the relation which should subsist between the subject of a painting and its size. It is not altogether congruous to take—as is so often done—a theme whose purely picturesque character accords only with small dimensions, and execute it on a historical or monumental scale.

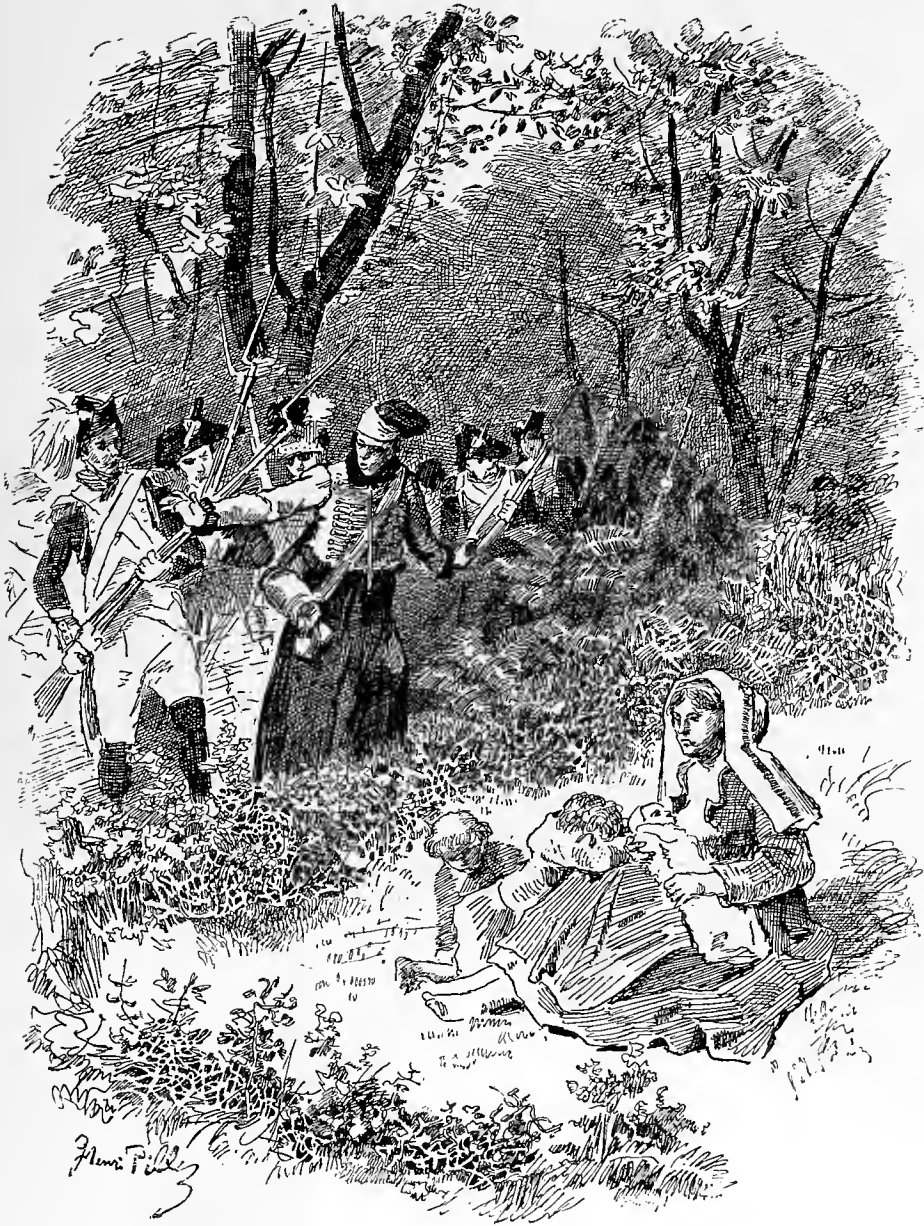
But for the fact that destiny and human infirmity together have erected M. Cabanel into a sort of infallible pontiff, and if this artist, the last and noblest Roman of the academic school in its decline, were not the head of an atelier in the *École des Beaux Arts*, his ripe and mellow method might claim exemption from critical severity. M. Cabanel is a stylish painter, who makes stylish pictures, for the adornment of stylish galleries and drawing-rooms. Now this distinctive "stylishness," in certain forms of art, as

in certain sets and coteries, is made up mainly of purely negative characteristics. The word implies, in itself alone, no trace of striking or brilliant or robust quality. Our poor original skeleton is ugly and rude, the hide which mother nature gave us is a very coarse, imperfect style of covering, our very features are generally, and with some show of reason, treated as a vulgar sort of thing, which each for himself and after his own fashion straightway sets about modifying and hiding under a coat of modish varnish. Run over the whole series of types and characters in M. Cabanel's long series of works, and you will be ready to bow with courtesy, but a certain faint squeamishness, too, before his multitude of figures, divine, heroic, biblical, poetical, or historical; all of them, with all their ostensible difference of origin, going to make up a sort of artistic Faubourg St. Germain, in which the personages are not exactly men, nor women either, but all stylish to the last degree, stylish enough to make a duchess faint with envy. But we who are not duchesses feel sorry to see so skilful an artist wasting so much talent in giving form and body to a vague, colorless, and formless phantom, a creation as hybrid as the fabled issue of Minos and Pasiphaë, whose shapeless seeming gives no hint of the lusty taurine stock from which it sprang.

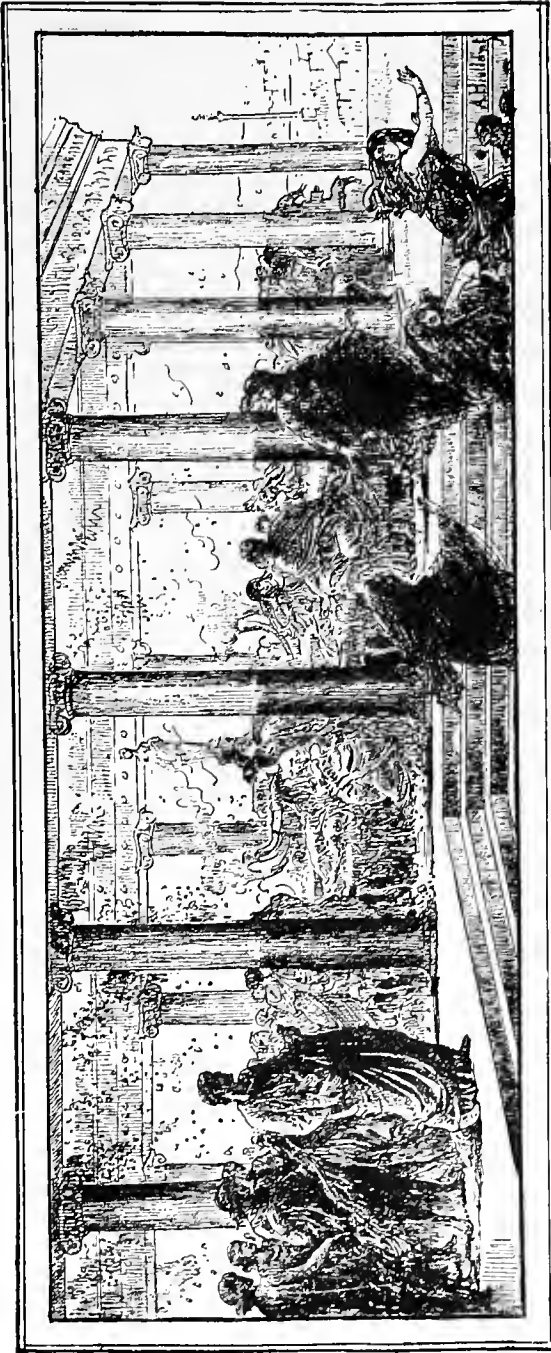
Special whimsies and rooted *one-ideas* may be pardoned in an artist who aims to found no school. Thus Moreau, try as he might, could never be a dangerous innovator, whether he chose to show us Galatea, under the fixed stare of Polyphemus, in an aquarium swarming with all the rich and mystic treasures of the sea, or to paint Helen with a flower in her hand, against a background of blood-red sky, standing impassive as fate amid the ruins of Troy, without even a glance for the piles of corpses about her, the corpses of warriors and heroes slain for the love of her doll-like



BRILLOUIN (L. G.)—*The Rest.*



PILLE (H.)—*The Forest of Saundraie.*

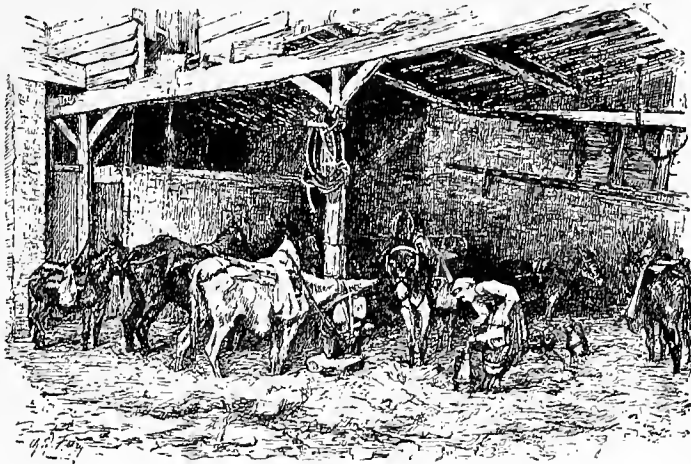


HEULLANT (A.)—*The Roses-Shower of Heiligabale.*



BRISPORT (H.)—*The Choir.*

prettiness. We need take no umbrage at the double quintessence of whimsicality which marks this talented but altogether exceptional painter. His works are *sui generis*, there is no fear that he will find imitators. First, because the world does not hold two brains built on M. Moreau's pattern; his curiously ingenious ideas are his own and his alone. Second, because he could not, if he would, pass over to another hand the exhaustless jewel-case of color which with him does duty for a palette. The public may have its



FRÈRE (C. E.)—*The Donkey's Stable at Treport.*

choice, the artist dishes us up a feast for the eyes and sense, dressed and served in altogether exceptional fashion, which we are free to take or leave. We may go into ecstasy at the depth of archaic and poetic mystery suggested in its wondrous play of coloring, or wail at our inability to read the meaning of its hieroglyphic obscurity. For the critic it is sufficient to point out the strength, or the weakness, of these brilliant pictures, with their hasty and insufficient drawing, yet skilful artistic execution and marked individuality.

M. Hector Leroux has already attracted the notice of

all attentive frequenters of the last few Salons. In his "School of Vestals" he shows us a score or so of young girls taking lessons, from a sage and well-trained priestess, in the art of keeping alive the sacred fire. The instructress stands on a sort of platform, leaning forward to pour the oil upon the brazier. The group of maidens, in their dress of pure, virginal white, broken only by some slight trimming of light blue and pink, is charming for its delicate simplicity. A few of the figures merit special mention, such as the two women seated in the foreground, the young girl behind them, with her fine and dignified drapery, and the other with her hands clasped in an outburst of pious emotion. M. Leroux's second picture represents a vestal seated in an arm-chair beside a brazier, which she was set to guard. But the poor girl, tired with her long vigil, has fallen asleep, her arms crossed below her bosom, her feet scarcely touching the footstool, and her head dropped a little forward, in the deep, irresistible slumber which only youth may know.

Attitude, expression, arrangement of costume, and ensemble are all in the most refined taste. M. Leroux, besides being an artist, is plainly an archæologist with a poetic side to him. His restorations are historically perfect for truth and accuracy; in all his pictures we fail to find a single bit of furniture, a utensil, weapon, architectural detail or other accessory, not copied accurately from the most authentic monuments. With all this, he is, as I said just now, a poet as well. His fine instinct has caught the essential feeling of some of the most touching, simple, pure, and lofty elements of ancient life; and while his works certainly show some lack in execution, in conscientious precision of drawing, and in strength and firmness of modeling, they still give a very truthful version of some of the most delightful motives open to artistic treatment.

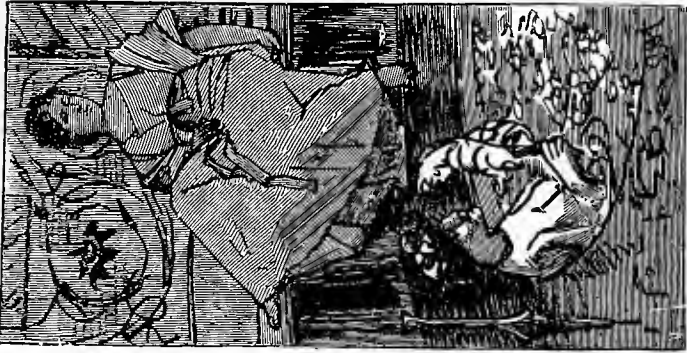
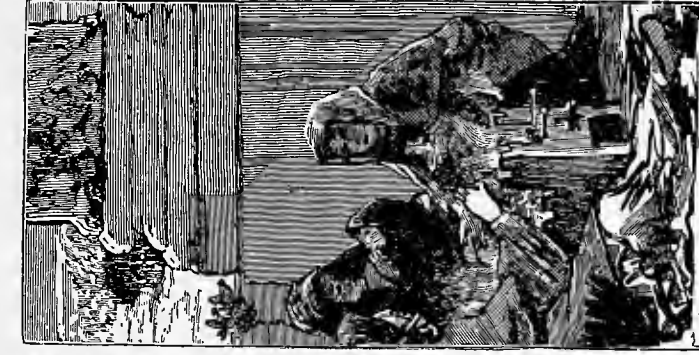


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Photogravure Goussier & Co

THE NEWSPAPER.

CAN'T GET HIM!



ALMA TADRMA (L.)—*The Seasons*.



BEYLE (P. M.)—*On the Cliff.*



PAILLRUX SAINT-ANGE (G. L.)—*Diogenes.*



BELLANGER (C.)—An Idyl.

No need to linger long over M. Alma Tadema, whom I have discussed at length in what I have had to say about annual exhibitions in general, and that of last year in particular. This eminent artist, who draws his chief inspiration from the early Flemish masters, has sent four pictures representing the "Seasons," and forming a consistent series, which hardly admits of division. The one devoted to "Spring" is one of his most pleasing works. The bright and happy opening of the year is personified by two young girls. One, whose head is seen in foreshortening, stoops to pick flowers, while the other, seen in full length and front view, clothed in long, white robe of linen, holds a blossom to her face for greater enjoyment of its beauty and fragrance. The stooping figure is a wonder of clever execution, the other a masterpiece of elegance, refined and elevated drawing, beauty, and modest grace. The background of the picture, as usual with this artist, has a general archaic flavor which reminds us of Leys, and represents a sloping meadow, with the well-known stone pines of the Doria Pamfili Villa clear cut on the horizon.

M. Wencker's "Saul and the Witch of Endor" admits of very decided criticism. Every one knows by heart the story of the half-crazed king who, "when he no longer heard God" went, in disguise, on the eve of a great battle, to consult a sort of sleep-walking seeress as to the event. In saying *every one*, I should make an exception for M. Wencker himself. If he had taken the trouble to read over the twenty-eighth chapter of Samuel he would have not only given us Saul without his crown, the tell-tale symbol of his rank, but also left out the prophet, whom the king, for the best of reasons, did not see. Biblical language is express on this head. And Saul said unto her: "What form is he of?" And she said: "An old man covered with a mantle." And

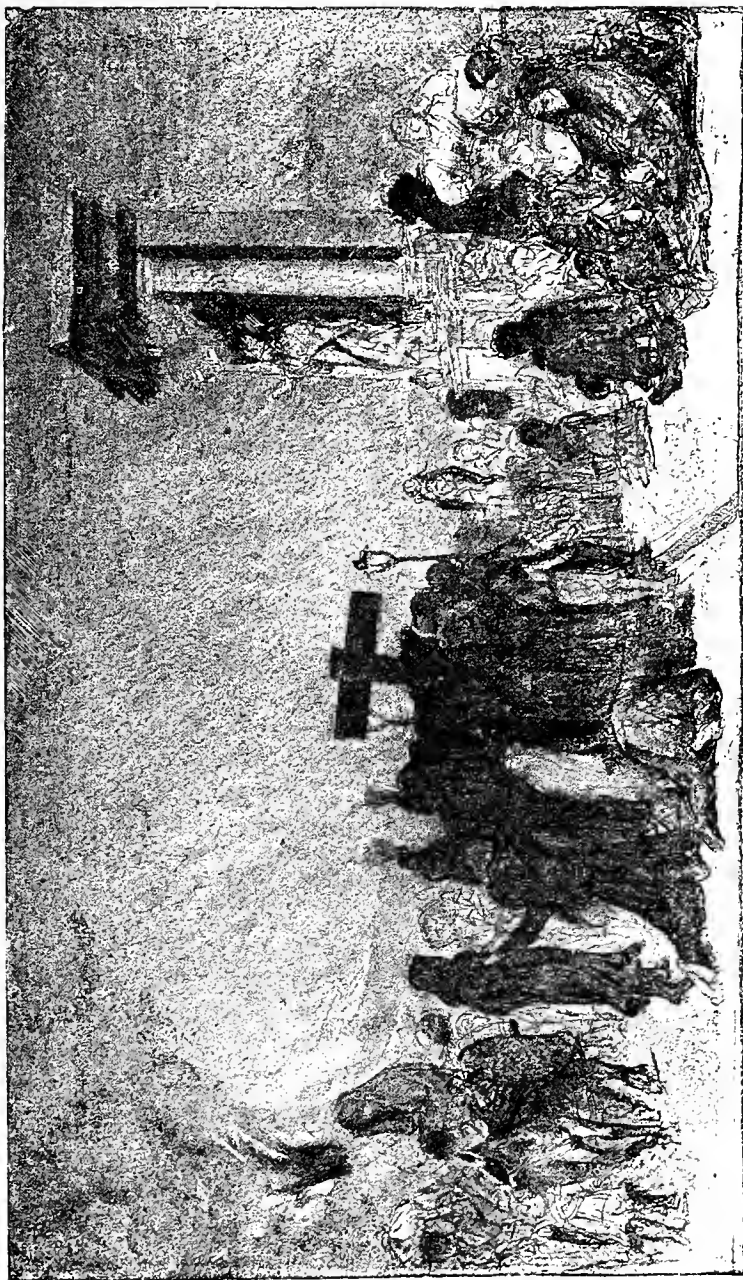
Saul perceived that it was Samuel, "and he stooped with his face to the ground and bowed himself."

Clearly, if Saul had seen anything at all, his question would have been without meaning or purpose, and prostrate, with his face in the dust, how was he to descry the figure of the prophet? So the melodramatic indication of the existence of the two personages, as M. Wencker has imagined them, is in absolute contravention of the scriptural text.

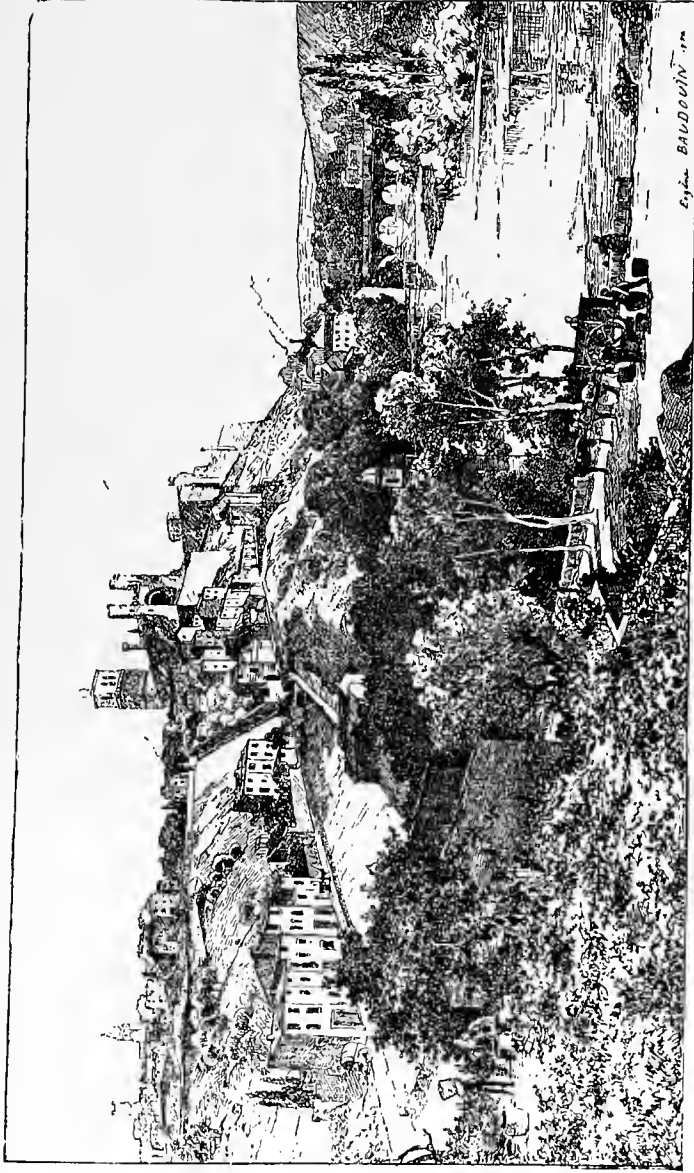
But these objections are of minor moment. M. Wencker might indulge in even stronger eccentricities and be forgiven if he had only made a good picture! Unfortunately the defects of the composition are not condoned by the merits of the execution. A perspective which is odd—to put the mildest phrase—extravagant gesture, and the more than singular draping of the prophet's figure make up a list of faults hardly atoned for by some scanty merits, such, for instance, as the skilful arrangement of the folds in the prophet's mantle, and Saul's arm, which though weak in drawing is notably strong in the modeling.

M. Wencker shows us Saul and the Witch both, at the same instant and in common, dazzled and confounded by the appearance of a sort of electric phantasmagoria, in the shape of a high priest. Without further knowledge of spectres than I possess it is difficult to pronounce on the fidelity of the likeness, but like or not, the ghost under discussion has a very wooden head and very ugly feet.

M. Wencker's Saul belongs less to the department of sacred history than to that of fairy-tale. The artist can hardly have read the eighteenth chapter of the First Book of Kings. According to the text, the raising of Samuel by the Witch of Endor is just nothing more or less than a bit of spirit manifestation. The king, wishing to consult a seer, goes to one of the sorceresses whom he had outlawed, and

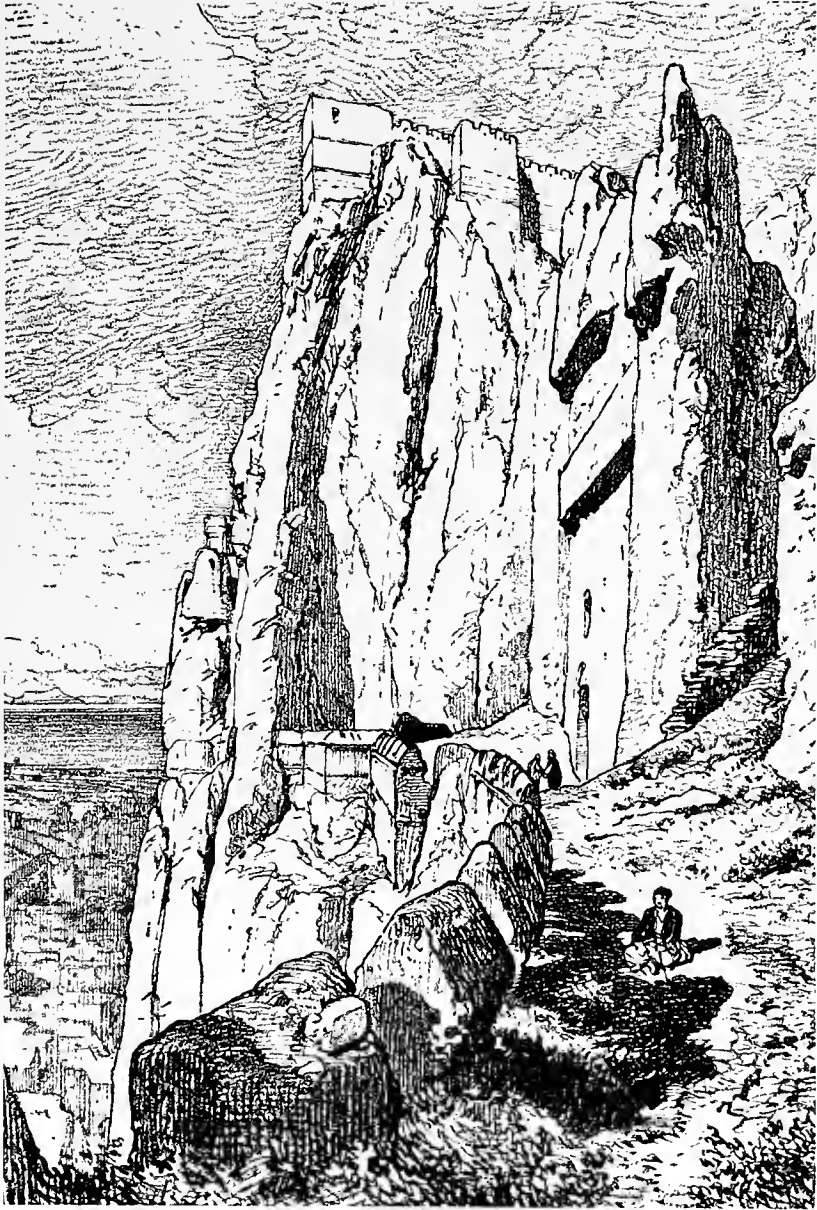


LEMATTE (J. F. F.)—*Prayer at St. Januarius* (Eruption of Vesuvius, 1872).



Engr. BAUDOIN 1712

BAUDOIN (E.)—View of Beziers.



LAURENS (J. J. A.)—*The Rock of Vann*. (Kurdistan).



Peint par G. Moreau

Photographie de M. S. P.

GALATEA

— 111 —

begs her to call up Samuel. Thereupon Samuel appears to the witch, who utters a loud cry, while Saul, who has not perceived the phantom, asks her the unseen cause of her utterance.

“I saw,” she said, “gods ascending out of the earth.”

“What form is he of?”

“An old man cometh up and he is covered with a mantle.”

This description convinces Saul that he stands in the presence of an invisible prophet, and he bows before him in the dust, begging him for counsel while he yet sees him not.

M. Frederic Watts has earned no little success at the exhibition with his portraits. His “Orpheus and Eurydice” is deplorably ill-hung, and its disadvantageous position and surroundings have ruined its effect. Genre pictures and landscapes are not at all the fitting company for a composition of passionate interest like this. Fifteen years or more ago we had seen this delicate and poetic group at the Royal Academy, and been profoundly impressed by it. Through our position on the staff of the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* we had been enabled to have it engraved in that journal. The sketch, which served for the reproduction of the work, was somewhere between the style of the Italian masters, after Correggio, and that of Eugene Delacroix. But the color has turned black, a suggestive hint for the English school of painters, who seem, in the last few years, to underrate the importance of the technique which concerns the brush and palette.

M. Popelin, too, seems to be a new comer; his “Sacrifice to Æsculapius” merits hearty and sincere praise. It represents a boy, seen in quarter face, standing on tip-toe and stretching his little figure to reach the top of a tall altar, which he designs to dress with garlands. The atti-

tude is both expressive and original; as a study of the nude this youthful and graceful figure has some very fine qualities. The contour is fine, the drawing crisp and delicate, while correct, and the modeling firm and definite. The attitude, with its strained character, offers peculiar difficulties which the artist has very skilfully got over. The light and silvery tone is very pleasing, and the principal figure stands off in very harmonious fashion against the white walls and blue sea. The painting is clear, vivacious, and freely handled, and seems to me in the right direction.

M. Guay's "Martyrdom of Saint Pauline" calls for some reserve in comment. The group made up by the



DELORT (C. E.)—*A Poacher (Souvenir of the Forest of Fontainebleau).*

saint and the two executioners who hold her, is not ill put together, and there is some good color and handling in different parts of the work; for instance, in the chest of the assistant at the left. Spite, however, of the resource of very skilful chiaroscuro employed by M. Guay, the canvas looks over large and imperfectly filled.

The saint herself, for a Christian virgin, is pouting in a rather undignified way, like a naughty child under correction, and the picture is striking less for anything like religious sentiment than for the picturesque arrangement of the light, which falls full on the figure of the saint, through a trap-door in the roof of the Mamertine prison.



POPELIN (G.)—*The Sacrifice to Esculapius.*



THE SEA.

BY its boundless vastness and mobility the sea would seem to defy picturesque delineation. How can we render that which has, so to speak, neither limit nor shape? In their sterile restlessness, the billows form and fleet incessantly, in defiance of brush or pencil, with a subtle changefulness which nothing but the instantaneous photograph can seize. The great artist, the only one who has caught the real majesty of the ocean, is Victor Hugo, as when, in his noble lines "The Sea Side," he shows us—

The billows which dash on the smooth, sloping sand,
Where the streaming sea-weed with its sheeny, green blades
Cuts sharp through the mirrored reflex of the cliffs.

Again, as in "Oceano Nox," one of his finest works, and in "Rays and Shadows," he tells of the sad fate of the mariners lost.

In a soundless abyss, in a black, moonless night,
Where are they? Gone darkling deep down to their tomb.
Oh, billows! What legends of horror and gloom
Ye can tell, of the warriors who shrank from your face,
Which ye chant as the flood-tide pours in its race.
The wail which breathes ever despairing but sweet
In your song when at nightfall ye break at our feet.

In "Autumn Leaves," with what a wondrous palette he paints the sunset.

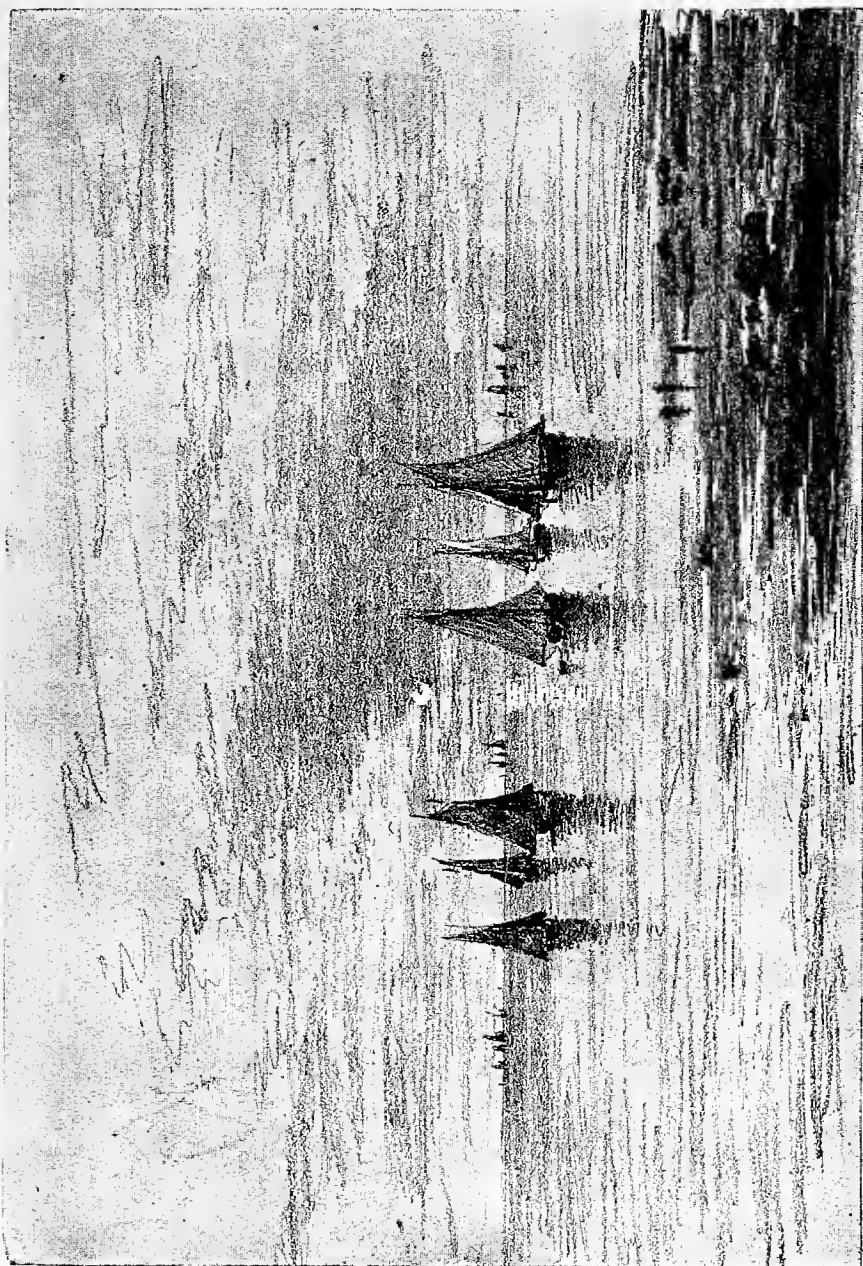
Each object fades, the sun, from his high state,
Like some great sphere of glowing metal falls,
And sinks back to the furnace whence he came ;
While, with the shock, the billows, cleft and torn,
Dash to the zenith in bright streaks of flame,
And sprinkle all the clouds with fiery spray.

Happily the art of marine painting, apart from this discouraging immensity, may find in sea-ports, vessel, and shore, a welcome and more available material.

"It is not in the Salon, but in the depths of the forest or in the valleys of the great hills, with the play of shadow and sunlight on their sides, that Louthembourg and Vernet are great," said Diderot, toward the end of the last century. So grand a eulogy would hardly come to our lips as we wander through the exhibition, gazing at the works of our modern marine painters. We have here neither Gudin nor Isabey. Of open sea there is no trace, but pretty little bits, rather landscape than seascape, instead ; like M. Chauvier de Leon's "Twilight in the Camargo," M. Laportolet's "Outer Port of Dunkirk," and M. Emile Vernier's "Oyster Dealers at La Hougue."

M. Mols, of Antwerp, leaves his native Scheldt and gives us, in the "Quai Henri IV., Paris," a clever canvas. M. Emile Vernier sends a bit of channel sea-coast, very delicate in its tones of gray and the skilful management of the distances, as they tone off toward the horizon.

We may further mention a "Norman Coast," by M. Richner, and "Calm," by Count Bourbon d'Aquila, who paints landscape as if he were not a "swell," but had to paint for a living.



AQUILA (L. de Bourbon Comte d')—*The Calm.*

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